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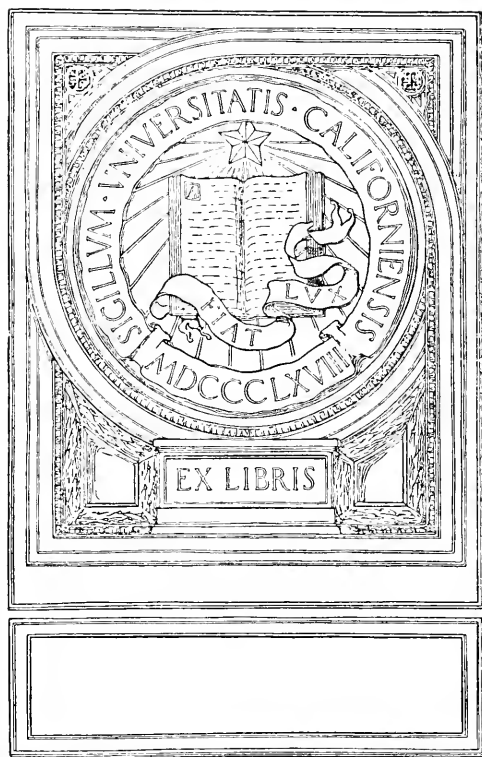
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KHUDA BUKHSH

(Founder of the Bankipore Oriental Public Library.)

BY

S. Bukhsh

S. KHUDA BUKHSH, M.A., B.C.L.,

Bar.-at-Law.

بچہ نامش ہر کسی دولت نہاد * جمع حیوان و نبات ست و جمہاد
ہرکہ فخر و ناز بر اینہا کند * گوئیہا ترجیح بر خود می دہد
چیت آخر معنی این افتخار * یعنی از خود من ندارم اعتبار
از طفیل گاو خر آدم شدم * آہ از سنگ و گیہامی کم شدم
نگ دارای جان کہ پری غیرتی ست * ہرکہ در آنہاست غیرت در تو نیست

[نعمت خان - عالی]

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My Father : His Life and Reminiscences.

By SALAHUDDIN KHUDA BUKHSH, M.A., B.C.L.

بائیں رواق زبرد نوشتہ اند بزر
کہ جز نکستی اہل کرم نہ واہد ماند

"The most precious and intimate recollection of each man's memory is his series of recollected portraits and biographies of persons he has individually known. A peculiar sacredness attaches to these recollections of persons when they themselves are dead Every living man or woman can reckon up those select of the dead who are most memorable to him or to her ; and sometimes there may be a duty, or at least an impulse, that one should speak to others of the dead whom *he* remembers, and of whom *they* know little or nothing."—PROF. MASSON.

I.

In writing this short sketch of my father's life I have been actuated neither by vanity nor self-glorification, but simply by that sense of duty which I owe to him and to those numerous friends of his who have been good enough to ask me to give them a brief account of his earthly pilgrimage. It is always a delicate and difficult task to write the life of a contemporary ; much more so is it for a son to attempt the biography of his father. The tenderest ties of filial duty and devotion necessarily render him unfit for such a task. We can scarcely hope to find in him the severe impartiality of a historian, or the equally unbiassed mentality of a judge. I must, therefore, at once, inform my readers that, though I lay claim neither to the impartiality of a historian nor to the impersonal attitude of a judge, still, in these pages, I have endeavoured to give a true and faithful account of the career which has so recently yet all too soon ended. I have abstained alike from extravagant laudation and captious criticism. I have merely placed the facts before the reader, and have left him to draw his own conclusions. My father's public services, his rank and position in the profession to which he belonged, his literary works, and the history of the Oriental Public Library at Bankipore, are too well known to require my interposition or to call for my assistance ; and I might easily have left these subjects to be dealt with by others more competent than myself to weigh, to test, to focus, to adjust ; but the outer world, after all, never secures more than a partial glimpse of a man's life. It can never, unassisted, hope to know the man in his true inwardness—his varied relations with his friends, relatives and dependants. Nor is that world expected to have an idea of the subtle influences which a man of commanding intellect and powerful will exercises over his immediate and more private entourage, the secret springs of his actions and deeds, his tone and temper, his religious beliefs, his unexpressed political views, a thousand little kindnesses secretly done, and good offices privately performed. But these are just the things which reveal the true nature of the man and the nobility of his soul. Moreover, the public sees only the ultimate result of a life's labour. It knows not the slow and painful steps through which

that result was achieved, the innumerable obstacles that lay in the path of success, the strange reverses of fortune, and the strength of will and purpose, dauntless courage and unflinching pertinacity needed finally to conquer and triumph. In other words the public sees only the last act in a series of failures, otherwise known as success; but it is the intermediary stages which are alike interesting and instructive, and a lesson and an example to others. A life of the donor of the Bankipore Library, written even by me, would scarcely fail to bring out those qualities of the mind and the heart which made him the idol of his friends and one of the most interesting figures of his time. Fraud and imposture can never long continue to impose upon the credulity of mankind. It is the sterling qualities of the mind and the heart alone which win for a man a place in the annals of his community, or the history of his nation. "Call no man happy until he is dead" is as true of my father as of any other mortal. His life's voyage, like that of others, was not, and as things are, could not be all prosperous. He had his moments of deep despondency and blank despair. He had his share of sorrows and griefs, bitter disappointments, and sad vicissitudes. In the following pages I shall recount the story of that life which, in early manhood, was overcast with heavy unmoving banks of cloud impervious to any ray of sunlight, but which was destined to end in peace, serenity and honour. Among the heralds and pioneers of Muslim learning in India, history, I doubt not, will assign him a place next to Sir Syed Ahmed and Mohsin ul-Mulk. Like Sir Syed he devoted himself to the cause of the Mohamedans, and like him, too, he spent his fortune for their benefit and advancement. Throughout life he exhibited an active courage, a resolute endurance, a cheerful self-restraint, and an exulting self-sacrifice. He ignored the claims of his family for the higher and nobler claims of his community, and I can suggest no better and more fitting epitaph for his grave than the following words of a great French philosopher: "I loved my family more than myself, my country more than my family, and humanity more than my country" (I quote from memory). His whole life was but a commentary on these words. It was neither weight of purse nor length of pedigree which brought him to the forefront, but his own inherent qualities and intrinsic merits, his single-minded devotion to learning, and his overmastering passion for books.

The most charming feature of his life was his central trust in God. He never allowed himself to be anxious for the morrow, or to suffer the well-known text of the Qur'an *وَعَلَى اللَّهِ فَايْتَوَكَّلْ الْمُؤْمِنُونَ* to fade from his mind. To the last he believed that in purity of heart rather than in outward cleansing, and in spirit rather than in the letter, lay the real strength of religious beliefs.

"When the end comes," wrote John Stuart Mill, to a friend in pensive vein,¹ "the whole life will appear but as a day, and the only question of any moment to us then will be: Has that day been wasted? Wasted it has not been by those who have been, for however short a time, a source of happiness and moral good even to the narrowest circle. But there is only one plain rule of life eternally binding, and independent of all variations of creed, embracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest; it is this: "Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and circumstances being both duly considered,

¹ Lord Morley, "Miscellanies," 4th series, p. 151.

and then do it." Be this our standard now, and let the reader pronounce his own judgment. In the Oriental Public Library at Bankipore, where under one roof are collected, as though in a shrine, the literary remains of the great **savants** of Islam, he has built for himself a monument which will last so long at least as the destiny of India is linked with that of Great Britain, if, perchance, no longer. There, in course of time, as the mists of ignorance lift, will rise a school of Oriental learning; and thence will radiate beams of culture which will illumine the whole of the Indian Peninsula. The claims of the founder of the Oriental Library on the gratitude of the Muslims, nay, of the entire literary world, nothing but jealousy can overlook or disparage. I now proceed to details.

II.

My father was born at Chapra on the 2nd of August, 1842. Soon after his birth the family removed to Bankipore, where my father was brought up under the direct supervision of my grandfather, a distinguished pleader, a man of letters, and a passionate lover of books. In 1854 Mr Travers, the then District Judge of Patna, induced my grandfather to send his son to the Patna High School where he studied till 1859. Owing to the disturbances and commotions consequent upon the Mutiny, the Patna High School was that year abolished, and my father had to wend his way to Calcutta, which was not then, as it is now, the City of Palaces, the centre of fashion and the headquarters of commerce.

In those days there was no direct railway communication between Calcutta and Patna, and the journey was, as might be expected, at once costly and perilous. With wallet and staff, the young student nevertheless undertook the pilgrimage in quest of learning. At Calcutta he was placed under the charge of Nawab Amir Ali Khan who treated him with the utmost kindness and consideration. In 1861 he passed the Entrance Examination of the Calcutta University, but his stay in Calcutta had to be cut short as the climate never agreed with him, and he returned to Bankipore. On his return he joined the Law Class with a view to qualifying as a pleader. Between 1861-1868, when my father was admitted to the Patna Bar, he passed through great hardships and sore trials. My grandfather's health began to fail, and as time went by, he found it more and more difficult to attend to professional work—the only support and maintenance of the family. The whole burden fell on my father, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to keep the family together. In spite of accumulating woes and miseries he attended Law Classes and at the same time earned a small income. It was during this period that he applied for the post of Naib under a Munsiff, but, as fate would have it, his application was refused. He, however, obtained the post of Peshkar to the District Judge. but he and Mr. Latour, the Judge, could not agree, and he had to throw up his post. The next appointment that he held was that of a Deputy Inspector of Schools, but this was also for only a period of fifteen months. Misfortunes and disappointments, instead of depressing his spirits, only stirred him into fresh activity, and he determined to fight the battle of life. It was always with emotion that he referred to the sad experiences of those times—the mental anguish, the bitter privations, the terrible sufferings through which he had passed. These unhappy days, however, were to end, and they did end with his enrolment at the Patna Bar in 1868. There was

a sudden change of fortune, and his progress in the profession was rapid and assured. Within a couple of years he was perfectly well-established, and commanded almost the largest civil practice in Patna. Nor was this unexpected ; he inherited to the fullest extent not only his father's passion for books but also his talents. We can form some idea of the latter's position at the Patna Bar by the certificate which Mr. Travers, the Judge, gave him on the 28th of February, 1855.

" Mohamed Bukhsh, a pleader in the Patna Court, is a very excellent lawyer. In his argument he is very much to be depended on as a close and accurate reasoner. I place much confidence in him and think that he does great credit to the character of his profession and the court generally. I have great pleasure in giving him this certificate, and hope that he will always maintain the reputation which he now holds."

W. TRAVERS,
Judge.

My father steadily rose in his profession and in the estimation of the local officials, and served the public in various capacities. In the letter of Mr. W. F. Macdonell, dated 22nd October 1874, we have a clear and disinterested testimony which will not be out of place here.

To

MOULVI KHUDA BUKHSH KHAN.

DEAR SIR,

I have much pleasure in sending you the certificate I promised. I can honestly say that I consider you one of the very best pleaders at the Patna Bar, and last year when it was proposed that a Law Professor shall be appointed who knew Hindustani as well as English, I recommended you for the post as being by far the best fitted for the appointment. Your father was a gentleman much spoken of by everyone, and he was one of the leading men at the Bar, and you have certainly well sustained the family reputation. I trust to hear of your continued success.

I remain,
Yours truly,
W. F. MACDONELL,
Late Judge of Patna.

He obtained a certificate of honour for his work on the School Committee in 1877, and when local self-governing bodies were created by Lord Ripon he was appointed the first Vice-Chairman of the Patna Municipality and of the Patna District Board. Almost all the qualities of a successful advocate he possessed, and possessed in a remarkable degree. He had keen intelligence, ready wit, a remarkable memory, a wonderful grasp of facts, and a rare power of advocacy. While ever avoiding friction with the court he nevertheless always stood up for his rights.

On the civil side he was reckoned almost without a peer, but he always had a horror of criminal practice, and never seriously took to it. In 1880 he was appointed Government Pleader of Patna, and in 1881, for public services, he was made a Khan Bahadur. In 1891 he founded the Oriental Public Library, of which we shall hear more in the sequel, and in 1895 he

was appointed Chief Justice of the Nizam's High Court for a term of three years. In 1898, on his return from Hyderabad, he reverted to the Bar, but a stroke of paralysis, which he had that year, so completely shattered his nerves that he never felt himself again. He recovered, but his health began to decline, and he grew weaker and weaker. His demise would perhaps have come much earlier than it actually did had it not been for the anxious care and tender solicitude of my brother Shahabuddin and his wife. They were always with him and took the greatest care of his health. In 1903 the title of C.I.E. was conferred on him, and the Government of India was pleased to appoint him Secretary of the Library on a salary of Rs. 200, and to make him a grant of Rs. 8,000 in liquidation of his debts. I shall here insert the letters of Sir Charles Lyall and Sir James Bourdillon; the former being a letter of congratulation on his obtaining the C.I.E., and the latter conveying the announcement of the grant of Rs. 8,000.

INDIA OFFICE, WHITEHALL,

1st June, 1903.

MY DEAR MOULVIE SAHIB,

Pray accept my hearty congratulations on the C.I.E., which I see in this morning's paper has been conferred upon you. I wish it had come long ago. It has been most thoroughly earned by your long service to Government and by the public spirit with which you have devoted your means and your labour to the establishment of the Bankipore Library. May you live long to enjoy it. I trust that Salahuddin is making good progress at the Calcutta Bar. I hear from him occasionally when he sends papers to the Reviews here, and I am very glad to be of any assistance to him that is in my power. I have in hand an edition of the Mufaddaliyat with Al-Anbari's commentary, which will take me some years to get published. The commentary is a very full one, but so far I have heard of only one MS. of it, and there will be a good deal of difficulty in constituting a satisfactory text.

Sincerely yours,

C. J. LYALL.

THE SHRUBBERY, DARJEELING.

October 14th, 1903.

MY DEAR MOULVIE,

It gives me great pleasure to be able to inform you that the Government of India have sanctioned the payment to you of Rs. 8,000 for the liquidation of your debts. The money will be paid to you as soon as possible. I am glad that this sanction has been received before I leave the Province, and I congratulate you heartily. I hope that this gift from the Government will relieve you from all your anxieties.

Believe me to be,

Yours very truly,

J. A. BOURDILLON.

For the last fifteen months his health was fast giving way. He was growing feebler and feebler, and he had to cease from attending court; but he could not be idle, and during this period he spent most of his time in the Library, reading books and writing articles.

As early as 1874, as Mr. Macdonell's letter shows, my father's reputation was made. But seventeen years had yet to elapse before my grandfather's wish, expressed on his death-bed to his son; namely, to found a public library, was an accomplished fact. My grandfather's favourite couplet was:—

زنده ست کسی که در تبارش * ماند خلفی بیادگارش

and time has amply justified its application to his case. My father not only maintained the family reputation but secured for it an honourable place in the literary history of India.

III.

So far I have said nothing regarding our family history. A few words will suffice. Unlike most of our countrymen, we do not trace our descent either from the Prophet of Arabia or from some great hero of Islam, or from some spoliating despot of a by-gone age. Nor do we need such meretricious trappings. The Province of Behar (I may be permitted to say without vanity) can scarcely point to another Mohamedan family which can count three generations of learned men. I mean men who enjoy not merely local but Indian, if not European, fame. Tradition traces our descent from Kazi Hibatullah, one of the compilers of the *Fatawa-i-Alamgiri*, but I am not prepared to treat this seriously. There is, so far as I can see, no sufficient data for the establishment of any such claim, and I must therefore reject it as unproven, if not as a pure fiction.¹

¹ In my grandfather's *Bayadh*, written in a fine *Shikasta Amīr Nastaliq*, I find an account of our family. MS. Bankipore Library. Besides the passage in the *Bayadh* I have no other authority, so far, which connects our family with Kazi Hibatullah, one of the compilers of the *Fatawa-i-Alamgiri*, and curiously enough the passage under discussion does not throw any light as to who Kazi Hibatullah, our ancestor, was. This much is clear, that our family originally came from Delhi, settled down at Chapra, and eventually removed to Bankipore. It is also clear that from the earliest times the members of our family have been, more or less, noted for learning, and as such were men of position and influence. My father never set much value on unauthenticated traditions, and believed more in personal distinction and individual merit than in proud pedigrees or fanciful descent. The passage in the *Bayadh* runs thus:—

نسب نامہ بندہ محمد بخش خان این ست کہ بندہ والد جناب علی بخش مرحوم ابن شیخ رمضان علی ابن شیخ محمد باقر ابن قاضی شیخ هبت اللہ مرحوم مغفور صدیقی نسباً و دہلی وطناً - از دہلی آمدہ اولاً بمقام آوکی ضلع سارن مقیم شدند - شادی دختر شان بی بی جنگلی از ملا بہنو صاحب کہ از اولاد مولانا مجدالدین ساکن درہنگہ ضلع ٹرہٹ بودند - شد - و شادی جد مرحوم از دختر برادر خود موسومہ بی بی عاصمہ نمودند و شادی جناب علی بخش مرحوم از بی بی حلیمہ بنت شیخ محمد عیوض صاحب ساکن قصبہ مانجھی ضلع سارن - و حال نسب شان اینست کہ مولانا قطب و مولانا محمود فاروقی دو برادر بودند از اولاد مولانا قطب - شیخ محمد عیوض صاحب و از اولاد مولانا محمود صاحب - شیخ قبول محمد بوجود آمد - شیخ قبول محمد صاحب یک دختر باسم بی بی حلیمہ و یک پسر نام فتح محمد و دختر کہ بود منسوب بشیخ محمد عیوض شد - از ان دختر تولد شد باسم بی بی حلیمہ والدہ ماجدہ کمترین و شیخ فتح محمد را پسری بنام شیخ مخدوم بخش کہ اوشان منسوب

My father, though thoroughly aristocratic in his ways and habits, always deplored and deprecated the tendency of his countrymen to invent a pedigree or claim fanciful descent. He regarded such a tendency as the surest sign of national decadence and demoralization, and the last refuge of the unworthy and the incompetent. In this connection he often used to quote the famous lines of Amir-ibn Tufail, one of the noblest of the Qur'aish :—

وَأَتَىٰ وَان كُنْتَ ابْنُ سَيِّدٍ عَامِرٍ * وَفَارِسَهَا الْمَشْهُورُ فِي كُلِّ مَوْكِبٍ
فَمَا سَوَّدَنِي عَامِرٌ عَنْ وَرَاثَةٍ * أَبَى اللَّهُ أَنْ أَسْمُو بِأَمٍّ وَلَا أَبٍ
وَلَكُنِّي أَحْمَى حَمَاهَا وَأَتَقَى * إِذَا هَا وَارَمِي مِنْ رَمَاهَا بِمَنْكَبٍ

Kazi Reza Husain, Moulvi Mohamed Hassan, and my father, constitute a noble trio. They were true friends, and their friendship was marked with true love and devotion to each other, and was tested by every possible variation of good and evil fortune. Animated by one common desire—the social, moral and intellectual amelioration of their co-religionists—they worked together with perfect harmony and earnest zeal, and achieved substantial results. Kazi Reza and Moulvi Mohamed Hassan were constant visitors at our house, and twice a week, at least, did I see them. I can recall the zeal, the earnestness, the enthusiasm with which they discussed questions affecting the interest of the Mohamedans. Not to speak of a number of Muslim students whom they educated at their own expense, they successfully combated that unreasoning and unreasonable Orthodoxy which regarded with distrust and suspicion the spread of English educa-

بع همشیره میر الهی بخش صاحب ساکن رتن پوره شدند۔ ازان شیخ مولا بخش صاحب برادر اموی موجود اند کہ شادی شان از دختر شیخ قطب بخش موضع شاه نواز پور شد و شیخ محمد عیوض را همشیره حقیقی بی بی باصره بود کہ بموضع حسن پوره منسوب شدند۔ از نابزرگان شان سید بہادر علی و سید عنایت حسین و تاجمل حسین صاحب و شیخ بخش حسین صاحب و دیگر صاحبان ساکنان جگ مران و حسن پوره هستند۔ از ملا بہتو صاحب شیخ ولی اللہ پسر موجود آمدند و شادی شان بموضع کوہٹا از دختر شیخ شمس الدین صاحب کہ یکی از اولاد قاضی عبد الرحمان قدوة بودند گردید۔ و شادی کمترین از دختر شیخ ولی اللہ صاحب مرحوم مغفور است و از بی بی باصره چهار دختر است یکی بی بی پناو زوجہ شیخ پیر بخش ساکن مبارکپور مادر مولوی علی احمد صاحب و حسین بخش۔ و مسماۃ خیرن زوجہ سید پیر علی ساکن جگ مران فقط و دیگری بی بی امنان عرف بی بی کرما زوجہ سید فتح علی عرف میر گھانسی ساکن موضع جگ حیران پرگنہ بار۔ از بطن شان سید بہادر علی مرحوم و سید عنایت حسین۔ سیدمی بی بی نعیمہ زوجہ مولوی غلام اشرف ساکن حسن پوره از بطن شان منشی بخش حسین پسر و چهار دختران یکی مسماۃ بی بی بہیکن زوجہ شیخ علی جان ساکن موضع شیخ پورہ دیگر بی بی فتوہ زوجہ مولوی علی احمد صاحب سیدمی بی بی میرن زوجہ سید عنایت حسین و چہارمی دختر بی بی باصره مسماۃ سکینہ بودند لاولد فوت کردند *

tion. It was they who first lighted the lamp of learning in Behar, and though it still burns but dimly there, yet in process of time, we doubt not, it will shine with its wonted brilliance.

In spite of a very large and extensive practice my father never neglected his studies. Immediately on returning from court he dined, and after resting for an hour or so he would retire to his Library, which, in earlier days, was in our dwelling-house. There he would generally be, either reading or writing notes on books, or conversing with visitors on subjects religious and historical. On no account would he see clients after sunset, or attend to professional work. Surrounded by his books he was, for those few hours, absolutely happy and cheerful. In that Eden of bliss there was no room for the cold, calculating cares of life, or the disquieting anxieties of the lengthening chain of existence. His love of letters and learning enabled him to find in the pursuit of knowledge a relief from anxiety and a solace under disappointments. Hafiz and Mowlana Rūm were his inseparable companions, and he read them every day with almost religious regularity. He was a better Persian than Arabic scholar, though his knowledge of Arabic was by no means contemptible. He was perfectly at home with the whole range of Persian literature, and stupendous and encyclopaedic was his memory. He could recite Arabic and Persian poetry for hours, and what is so rare in India, he could write Persian with almost the ease and elegance of a native. There are passages in his *Muhbub-ul-Lubāb* which would be accepted by competent critics as the high-water mark of Persian prose. *Mahbub-ul-Lubāb* is a descriptive catalogue of the Arabic and Persian MSS. in his Library. It extends over 500 pages, and gives the lives of the authors, with an exhaustive critical analysis of their works. It involved immense labour, and my father was justly proud of his performance. Owing to a variety of causes, the foremost of them being his departure to Hyderabad Deccan, he was unable to complete it.

I propose, here, to offer to the reader some specimens of my father's Persian composition. First I select the letters which passed between Professor Browne and my father on the occasion of the former sending to the Library Volume I of the *Literary History of Persia*, and secondly a specimen of my father's Persian translation of Lord Bacon's *Essays*, which shows at once his command both over English and Persian.

لَا نَدَمَاءَ مَا زَمَلْ حَدِيثَهُمْ * اَمِيْدُون مَأْمُورُونَ غِيْباً وَ مَشْهُدَا

حسب اشاره عالیجناب معارف مآب مكارم انتساب خان بهادر مولوي
خدا بخش خان صاحب مير مجلس عدالت عاليه حيدر آباد دكن ادم
الله بقاء الشريف و اعلى الله مقامه المذيف از طرف مؤلف بطريق ارمنان
و يادگار فرستاده شد *

۴ شعبان سنه ۱۳۲۰

غمي شرم دارم كه پاى مانع را - سوى بارگاه سلیم-ان فرستم
همي ترسم از ريش خند رياحين * كه خار مغیلاں به بستان فرستم

EDWARD G. BROWNE,

November, 6th, 1902.

Pembroke College, Cambridge.

المنة لله که امروز سحرگاه مکتوب تو آورد صبا سلامه الله

باد کرسی پایۀ از مسند عالی تو * عرشیانرا آمنتان مجلس تعلیم گاه
نازم برخود که جناب شما این از نظر دور افتاده را باین الطاف و شفقت یاد
فرمودند بر خود بالیدم و چه نازشها نبود که بر علو قسمت خود نکردم ارمغانیکه
فرستادند تحفه ایست بقول سعدی * شعر *

نه قندیکه مردم بصورت خورند * که ارباب معفی بکاغذ برند
هدیۀ جناب شما چنانست که از عهدۀ شکرش این هیچمیرز کج میج زبان کی
بیرون آید از ایفکۀ سطرر چند که از دست خاص خود بر صفحۀ اول کتاب تاریخ
ادب فارسی زبان که دران داد سخنوری داده اند بقلم معجز رقم نوشته اند
کتاب را زینت و کتابخانه را رونق بخشیدند شکرته این عنایت بیغایت نه از
طرف این هیچمندانست بلکه از جمیع افراد انجمن انتظامیۀ کتابخانه پیشکش
خدمت است قبول فرمایند *

لقیم رفیع القدر فی ذرۃ العلما

عشت عظیم الشان فی رتبة المجد

خدا بخش

حب جاه - بزبان پارسی مترجمه از تحریر

انگریزی لارڈ بیکن صاحب

حب جاه صغرا را ماند : و آن خلطست که اگر باز داشته نشود . آدمی
را پر از بشاشت و موصوف بچابکی و بجد و جهد میکنند : و اگر باز
داشته شد متخرج طبعی نیافت : و کیفیت سَمی درو پدید آمد همچنان

آنانکه حب جاه دارند . اگر سبیل بحصول مرتبت یابند . پیوسته در مدارج ترقیها کنند از ایشان خوف و خطر متصور نباشد . و اگر شبدیز آهویی انسانرا لگامی دهند . آثار ناراضامندی از سیمای شان پیدا شود : و اشخاص و اسباب را آنها بنظر بد بینند : و از تنزل در امور بیشتر مسرور باشند . و اینست بدترین خصایل در خدام شاهان و مملکت * شاهان را باید . که اگر جاه طلبان را بکاری تعیین فرمایند . نظم کار بر نهجی دارند . که ایشان در حصول مراقبت قدم پیشتر گذارند . و پس پا نمانند : چون این نظم بی زحمت صورت نه بگردد . بهتر است که این قسم طبایع را دخل ندهند : چه عدم ترقی ایضا در خدمات باعث تنزل خدمات خواهد شد * و چون عموماً ازین قسم مردم جاه طلب را مدخل دادن در امورات سلطنت مصلحت نیست . بگویم که در کدام مواقع ضروری بکار آیند . افسران فوج هرچند حب جاه داشته باشند . بخدمت افسری فوج شایانند : چه در برابر خدمات شان از دیگر صفات قطع نظر باید کرد : لشکری جاه ناطلب سواربست بی مهمیز . در امورات حسد انگیز و خطرناک جاه طلبان محافظ شاهان باشند . چه کسی درین امر شریک نشود مگر شخصی که مثل فاخت بر دوخته چشم باشد . که چپ و راست نه بیند و بالا تر همی پرد * آنانکه حب جاه دارند بهر بر انداختن کسی که در مملکت سر بر افراخته باشد هم بکار آیند . چنانکه قابیرییس که قیصر سوم است تا اینکه سجنیس را از پا در آورد . ماکرو را برابروش بر آورد * چون معین کردن مردم جاه طلب در بعضی کارها چنانکه گفته شد ناگزیر است : بگویم که چه طور بقدری بر پائی شان گذارند . که ایشان ضرر کمتر رسانند * هوای افزایش رتبت در شریف خطرناک تر است . از آنکه در رفیل . و در مردم خوش خلاق و نیکنام . از آنکه در درشت خو . و در شخصی که در علو مرتبه ثباتی و قیامی و در کاهای تجربهها حاصل کرده باشد از آنکه در نوخیز * گویند که بعضی از خواص خود را نسبت بدیگران مورد عنایت خسروانه گردانیدن . نشان ضعف عقل بادشاه است . مگر دانستن نیست . که برای دفع ضرر اعیان جاه طلب تدبیری بهتر ازین نباشد : چه وقتیکه

رضامندی و نا رضامندی را ذریعه جز ندیم مقرب نیست . نا ممکن که اختیار کسی از حد اعتدال تجاوز کند * روشی دیگر برای ضبط هوا و هوس جاه طلبان اینست : که موازنه آنها با دیگران . که متخلف باخلاق مذبوره باشند . کرده شود . مگر درینصورت که درمیان هر دو واسطه باشند دیگران نیز ناگزیراند * چه بغیر این بار گران کشتی نظم سلطنت خیلی ته و بالا گردد * بالجمله شاهانرا باید . که مردم رذیل را بپرورند . که رخسار جاه طلبان را طپانچه باشد * داشتن اینها در محل امید و بیم . در صورت بودن شان پر خوف و هراس آسان بود . و اگر قوی دل و دلیر طبیعت افتند تدبیر خود را قبل از زوال خویش بکار برند : و سلطنت را بخطر اندازند اگر مهمات مملکت بر این تقاضا کند . که نخل فروغ ایشان از بیخ بر کنده شود و بیخطر اینصورت نه بندوق طریق آن جز این نیست : که گاهی انسان را مبدول عواطف ساخته باوج عزت برند : و گاهی معاتب کرده در خصیص مذلت در آورند . تا ندانند که امروز چه زاید : و فردا چه پدید آید : و همواره در ورطه حیرت مانند * دعوای پیش قدمی در امور سترگ قسمیست از حب جاه که مضرت کمتر دارد نسبت بآن دیگر که در جمله کارها باشد . چه ازین یکی بی انتظامی خیزد : و کاروا ماند : کسی که جاه طلبش در امضاء مهمات عظیم باشد . کمتر خطر ناک است : نسبت بکسی که توجه او باملاک و تعلقات است و آنکه در زمره ارکان دولت فروغ جرید . کاری بزرگ در پیش دارد . و برای رفاه عام این مصلحت است و آنکه در مجمع بیکاران سو بر آوردن خواهد . سبب انحطاط مردم عهد خود گردد . و فارسه چیز دارد اول موقع نفع رسانی . دوم قرب بادشاه و اعیان . سوم کاسه خود پر کردن از زر . آنکه طالب این مرتبه است و نیتش فیکو قرین این هر سه باشد * مرد دیانت دار همانست . و پادشاهی که نیت مردم در یابد البته آن پادشاه است . با دانش فراوان : پادشاهان را چنین وزیری بر گرفتن باید . که در اطوار شان نمایش نه نماید و انجام امورات متعلق خویش بر ترقی منصب مرجع دارد . و هم ایشانرا لازم است که کسی که بر بجا آوری کار نازد . ازان امتیاز کنند . که منشاء و غایت مهمات سلطنت بیفند *

لمولفه

اینک تحریر بیکن بپایان رسید : چونکه او خود هم در سیاست مدن دست رسی کامل داشت : تحریرش هم برای انتظام سلطنت و سرانجام کارهای مملکت بیشتر مفید است عموماً و تحریر هذا خصوصاً تعلق باصول حکمرانی دارد * و قتیکه کار بجایه طلبان آویزد : چندانکه ضرر و نفع حب جاه درینجا ثبت شده : تعلق به سلطنت دارد : و آنچه با مملکت دل منضم است : بقلم نیامده * واضح و لایح است که اگر خواهش بهر حصول جاه بصغرا ماند در نشانیدن از پا جمگی صفات انسانی را بصغراء زنجاریه که از قسم صفرائی ردیه است مشابیهت دارد زور بر انگیختن بر محسن کشی : کمرچست کردن بر مرگ پدر : حبس برادر : قتل فرزند قیام نمودن پیش جاه طلبان آسان تر از حرف زدن باشد مگر ارتکاب چنین قبایح باعث برار کار شان گردد از دیدن باستان نامها هویدا گشته که انجام جاه طلبی نیکو نیست اگر چنین نبودى عاقبت کار بر سکندر و قیصر و نپولین تنگ نشدی و دانستنی است که اینها با حلم جلیل الشان عالی همت والا مدش بودند ای کاش حب جاه نداشتند اگر بر افزایش ملک و مال حریص نمی بودند تا بیلن جانی وفات سکندر نبودى بروئس دست خود از خون قیصر نیالودى و چیز بزرگ سفت هلنا مدفن نپولین نشدی همینکه هوای جاه در سر متحرک گشت چشم عقل بر درخته شد و ارتکاب نا کردنیها بنظر آسان آمدندى قطعه شیخ نظامی گنجوی که یکی از ارکان اربعه شاعریست مناسبیت تام باینمقام دارد بزبان خامه بعرض میرسد

جهان چیست بگذر ز نیرنگ او * رهایی بچنگ آراز چنگ او
یکایک ورقهء پارین درخت * بزیر افقند چون وز باد سخت
مقیمی نه بینمی درین باغ کس * تماشا کند هر یکی یک نفس
فلک در بلندی زمین در مغاک * یکی طشت پر خون یکی پر ز خاک
نوشته درین زهر آلوده طشت * ز خون سیاوش یکی سرگذشت

دمی گربضاعت برون آورد * همه خاک در زیر خون آورد
 دو در دارد این باغ آراسته * درو بند زین هر دو برخاسته
 در آ از در باغ بنگر تمام * زدیگر در باغ بیرون خرام
 همین است رسم این گذرگاه را * که بندد باندیشه این راه را
 یکی را در آرد بهنگامه نیز * دگر را ز هنگامه گوید که خیز
 اجتناب از اطناب کلام نموده بر این یک شعر حکیم سنائی که در برابر دفتری
 میتوان داشت از حدیقه اش که بوستانیست همیشه بهار اقتباس نموده درج
 میکنم خالی از مذاق نیست * شعر *

هر که از حب مال و جاه پرست * رفت و بر مسند ابد نه نشست

بر تزوج و تجرد

کسی که عیال و اطفال دارد از ایشان یرغمالی پیش دولت میکند
 چه اینها مهمات عظیم را که بد باشد : یا نیک : سنگ راه هستند الحق بهترین
 کارهای اعیان که برای عوام کثیر النفع باشد از آنان صدور یافت که در تجرد
 زیست کردند * یا اولاد نداشتند * شکی نیست که همچنان کسان بیشتر تعلق
 به بنی نوع خویش دارند * کسان ذی ولد خیلی فکر زمان آینده کنند * چه
 ایشان دران عهد از اطفال خویش بهترین ودیعت گذارند * آن یکی هست که
 با اینکه تفها زندگانی کند خیالاتش محدود بذات خودش باشد * مگر چیزی
 را که وقوعش بزور مستقل امکان ندارد بخود متعلق نداند و آن یکی از افراط
 طمع و عدم وقوف بر لا ولدیت خود افتخار کند * و جگر گوشگان را سبب کمی
 دولت انکار * تا که در نظر مردم بیشتر دولتمند نماید * مگر کلام این نهج آویزه
 کوشش شده باشد که فلان متمدل است * و دیگری که هست از افراط اولاد
 خرچ پری دارد بدتر است * ازان دیگری که زن و فرزند را صرف رقومات
 اخراجات ندارد * با آزادی بسر بردن متعارف ترین وجه من الوجوه تجرد
 است * خصوصاً کسانی را که طالع شان علو خاصی دارد و مزاج شان
 بمقداری ذکی الحسین افتد * که پیچ کمر بند را هم سلسله پا شمارند *

آن که زن ندارد مولاء متدبرم خادم مستعد دوست مخلص بیشتر باشد *

مگر رعیت معتبر کمتر * چه سبکدار است و زود قرار بر قرار نهد * و پیوسته گریز پایان را حالت همین بوده است * رهبانان را نباید که زن خواهند * چه زمین دیگران از چشمه فیض وجود کی نمی یابد و قتیقه سیلابی حوض خانه خود عین پیش نظر است تجرد و تجاوز حکام مساویست * اگر ایشان طبیعت بد دارند خدام شان از ازواج شان بدتر کارها کنند * بیشتر افسران فوج را یافته ام که حین زجر و ملامت مرد سپاهی را عیال و اطفالش یاد میدهند * و گمانم می برد که تفقراز تزوج که در میان ترکان شیوع یافته کینه لشکری ایشانرا زیاده تر بیغیرت میسازد * فی الواقع عیال و اطفال آدمی را ادیب هستند * در باز داشتن از خصایل بد * بدانکه او را نه زن است و نه فرزند خرچ کمتر دارد * و فیاض بیشتر باشد * مگر رحم طبیعتش بکار نیاید * خیلی میل بشقاوت دارد * و برای بودن محتسب سزاوارتر بود * سنجیده وضعی که مستقل المزاج است * با زن خود بیشتر الفت کند * چنانکه در ترجمه بولتیسستیز مسطور است * که او پیرزن خود را بر حیات جاودانی مرجع میداشت * زنان ذی عصمت در اکثر اوقات غرور و شوخیها بکار برند مگر ایشان بر عقب خود می نازند * یا بنگهداشت عصمت مطیع و منقاد شوهر بودن بهترین صفت زنانست اگر وجه زوج خود را عقیل پندارد بستن صورت انقیاد آسانست و اگر بدظن داند کار بر اطاعت نه انجامد * زن جوانان به شاهد و شیوخ به مصاحب و پیران به دایه ماند * پس وجه معقول که دلالت بر زن خواستن کند آن باشد *

شخصیکه بدانائی و فهم اشتهار و اختصاص داشت * در جواب یکی که سوالش متعلق به تزوج بود گفته * قوله شابی که زن نخواسته رتبه شیخوخت نیافته * بارها به تجربه رسیده که بد مزاج شوی زن نیک سیرت دارد مگر نظر توجه همچنین شوهر که کمتر بر زنان خود اندازند پیش شان قدری و قیمتی گرانی دارد * با همچنین زنان بر تجمل خود افتخار دارند * و بر سکوت و رزنی بیشتر کوشند * زنی که زوج درشت خوی بخلاف رای اقارب خود خواسته

باشد * باو بیشتر می‌آمیزد چه بدتری دیگر ندارد * که بدان علاج سبکسری خود
توان کرد *

لمولفه

اشهب کلک بیکن از میدان قرطاس عطف عفان نمود - و شبدیز خامه ام
بر ساحت بیاض جلوریز جوانان معنی بکلهای عباسی بر رخس الفاظ در وسعت
مفصحه رونق بخش کاغذ و مداد - اگر جلوۀ اینان پسند طبع خوش طبعان افتد
زهی و خهی ورنه
کلفتی بود که آمد شد و رفت

دانستنیست که بفقوای خَلَقَ الْإِنْسَانَ مِنْ مَّاءٍ دَافِقٍ يَخْرُجُ مِنْ بَيْنِ الصُّلْبِ
و الطَّرَائِبِ بوسیله خلقت آدم و تخمیر هوا ابادانی عالم و آشکارا کردن صور
گوناگون که هنوز در کتم عدم محجوب است - و بود منظور صانع جزو کل است -
و با که کار بسهولت بر آید - بمشاء خَلَقْنَاكُمْ أَزْوَاجًا هر فرد بجفت خویش
تشریف خلقت پوشید - پس ابا نمودن از تزوج سلسله اتکاد را برهم می‌کند -
ازینجاست که پیغمبر ما صلعم میفرماید - الْكَاحُ مِنْ سُتَيْيَ فَمَنْ رَغِبَ عَنْ
سُتَيْيَ فَلَيْسَ مِنِّي - سید علی همدانی - که از اجل صوفیه بود در ضمن
این حدیث میفرماید که کسیکه ازین کار رو پیچد - فتنه بر زمین انگیزخت -
و فساد می‌بزرگ کرد - چه نکاح از جنود شیاطین باز دارد - و باعث بقای
وجود انام و تکثر بنی نوع انسان است - ای عزیز اگر از گناه سر مصون
ماندن داری رو بدینصوب آری ورنه انجام کار خود بینی *

در باب ترک و تجرید

قول سنکا بر وفق اصول فلسفۀ اسائذک بسی ملحد است میگوید خوبی‌ها
که از دولت خیزد تمنا را شاید مگر آنچه از ترک و تجرید زاید مدح فراوان را
شایان باشد - چه معجزات که همین تصرف بر مواد طبیعی ست در حالت
تجرید بیشتر بظهور رسد اسهی این قولش بالا تر ست از قول سابق بلکه از

خدا نا پرست خیلی عجیب قوله براستی بزرگست کسیکه با ضعف فطرت انسانی استقلال غذائی داشته باشد - این گونه بلند پروازها خیالات شاعری را سزاوارست چنان که شعرای قدیم باین قول کارها داشته اند اگر بدیده دقیقه رس دریایی این قول باین حکایت ماند که سخن عهد پیشینه در نظم خود جلوه داده اند و خالی از خفا نیست بلکه بخصایل دین حقه خیلی مشابهت دارد گویند که هر کیولیز بهر رهائی پراسهن بر کاسه گلی عبور بحر محیط کرده - انسان هم باستعانت استقلال عقیده دینی بحر بیکنار دنیا را که پر از تلاطم امواج اختلاف است با شکسته زورق جسم خاکی طی کرده خود را بساحل سلامت می برد - و بالاخر در یسر اعتدال و در عسر استقلال شعارند ممدوح و در مصائب بضبط بسر بردن همت ست مردانه - آسایش شادباشی ست در زبور - و زحمت فرخنده پیامی ست در انجیل - رحمت الهی و عواطف جباب احدیت تعالی شأنه که نامتناهی ست منوط باین ست - با این همه اگر بر صهیغه داود نظر افکنی مرثیه های با سرود را با نغمه های مسرت انگیز مسامی یابی کاتب قدرت در تحریر مصایب ایوب بیشتر از آسایش سلیمان کوشیده - دولت را خوف ها و بی مزگی ها ست در پهلوی - و ترک و تجرید را امید و طمانینت است در بغل - کار سوزن و زربانت بر زمین ماتمی و تیره رنگ خوش نما تر ازان افتد که بر پارچه شوخ رنگ کار کم نما کنند ظاهر ست که آنچه بدیدن خوش نیاید بدل مرغوب نباشد - صفات انسانی مثل عود و مشک ست که تا نسایند و نسوزند نبود - همچنین ست که آسایش باعث ازدیاد عیوب ست و عسرت سبب فروغ نکویی - بیکن اینجا قلم در کشید حالا قطعاً که حضرت جلال الدین رومی در تفسیر آیه کریمه عَسَىٰ اَنْ تَكْرَهُوا شَيْئًا وَهُوَ خَيْرٌ لَّكُمْ بسلک نظم کشیده اند مماثلت نام به بعضی از خیالات که بالا گزشت دارد پس نخواستیم که در اینجا ثبت نا کرده خموش بگذرم * مثنوی معنوی -

دان تو حیوانی که نامش اشقرست * او بزخم چوب زفت و لقمه سرست
تا که چوبش میزنی چربه شود * اوز زخم چوب فربه میشود
نفس مومن اشقری آمد یقین * کو بزخم چوب شادست و سمین

پوست از دارو بلاکش میشود * چون اديم طایفی خوش مي شود
ايکه تلخ و تيز مالیدی برو * گنده گشتي ناخوش و ناپاک بو
ادمي را نیز چون آن پوست دان * چونکہ مدت ها شده زشت و گران
تلخ و تيز و مالش بسیار ده * تا شود پاک و لطیف و با فره
کسی را کہ از جوهر عام و هنر حلي بسته باشند چرا برين سنگريزه های
رنگارنگ فويخته شود - درين باب آنکہ بلند پرواز ساخت معنی حکيم ميرزا
محمد المشتہر بہ نعمت خان المتخلص بعالي در مثنوي خود مسمی بسخن
عالي مي فرماید برای تفذن طبع ارباب بيش بقام مي آمد * مثنوي عالي *
انچہ نامش هر کسی دولت نہاد * جمع حيوان و نبات ست و جماد
هرکہ فخر و ناز بر اينها کند * گوئيا ترجمہ بر خود مي دهد
چيست آخر معني اين افتخار * يعني از خود من ندارم اعتبار
از طفيل گاو خر آدم شدم * آہ از سنگ و گیاهی کم شدم
ننگ دارای جان کہ پری غيرتي ست * هرکہ درانها ست غيرت در تو نيست

An accomplished Arabic and Persian scholar he was by no means unacquainted with English literature. Among English poets he admired Byron most, but he was not insensible to the lyrical intensity of Shelley, the fascinating elegance of Keats, the sweet reasonableness of Wordsworth, the ineffable charms of Tennyson, and the robust manliness, mingled with a dash of scepticism, of Swinburne, whom he likened to Qa'ni — both supreme and matchless in their fine and forcible diction. For Gibbon he had an unbounded admiration, and almost the whole of the chapter on the 'Rise of Islam' he committed to memory. In his address as President of the Anjuman Islam, Patna, he said :—

گبن (Gibbon) نے آیات کریمہ کے ترجمہ کو پڑھ کر یہہ عبارت اپنی
تاریخ میں لکھی ہے جسکا ترجمہ یہہ ہے : رسول مکی نے پرستش (اصنام) -
اشخاص اور سیارہ کو اس معقول دلیل پر ممتنع کر دیا کہ جسکو عروج ہے اسکو
زوال بھی ہے - جس شخص کے لئے طلوع ہے اوسکے لئے غروب بھی ضروري
ہے - ہر متولد کیلئے موت ساتھ لگی ہوتی ہے اور ہر انقلاب پذیر چیز کا
مادہ انحطاط و فنا قوام ہے - اسکے بعد وہ یہہ لکھتا ہے کہ مذہب اسلام وہ
مذہب ہے کہ جسکو ایک موحد فلسفی بے تکلف قبول کر سکتا ہے “

The language of Gibbon had a fascinating hold upon his mind, and Gibbon's sympathetic treatment of Islam and its heroes could not fail to appeal to a Muslim. As a boy I remember learning by heart passages from the "Roman Empire," selected by my father.

We read together Mill's Autobiography, Goethe's "Truth and Poetry" (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*) and the autobiography of *Benevenuto Cellini*; and he was never weary of impressing upon me the lesson drawn from the lives of these great masters. He considered biographies as the most instructive of all studies, and used to refer to Goethe's preface to "Truth and Poetry" where the great sage of Weimar says: "For this seems to be the main object of biography, to exhibit the man in relation to the features of his time, and to show to what extent they have opposed or favoured his progress; what view of mankind and the world he has formed from them, and how far he himself, if an artist, poet or author, may externally reflect them. But for this is required what is scarcely attainable—namely, that the individual should know himself and his age; himself so far as he has remained the same under all circumstances; his age, as that which carries along with it, determines and fashions both the willing and the unwilling, so that one may venture to pronounce that any person born ten years earlier or later would have been quite a different being both as regards his own culture and his influence on others." Thus it is that the study of biographies and autobiographies written by great masters yield the richest harvest. They trace the gradual evolution of the minds of great men and serve to exercise a healthy and stimulating influence on others. He found an inexhaustible source of pleasure in the noble lines of Wordsworth:

"There is on a great society alone on earth,
The noble living and the noble dead"

and in the immortal couplet of the poet Mutanabbi:

اعز مكان في الدنيا سرج سابع * و خير جليس في الزمان كتاب

He impressed upon me, in season and out of season, that life would not be worth living were it not for intellectual pursuits, and as Goethe says, "it is the pious wish of all fathers to see what they have themselves failed to attain, realised in their sons, as if in this way they could live their lives over again, and at last make a proper use of their early experience." He advised me, on the eve of my departure for England, to study French and German, and recommended me to write a history of Islam from the standpoint of a Muslim. He regretted the spirit in which the life of the Prophet and the history of Islam were treated by European writers, and he was firmly persuaded that it was almost impossible for Western writers to do full justice to, or to handle, either of these subjects in a dispassionate spirit. The East and the West, he thought, were as widely apart from each other as they could be. Eastern thoughts and Eastern traditions, Eastern ideals and Eastern sentiments, were so utterly different and even opposed to the Western current of thought, that it was perhaps a hopeless task for a European really to enter into or fully realise the feelings and sentiments of the Oriental. Moreover, the strong hold which religion has over people in Eastern countries, is something quite foreign and inexplicable to a European; and its dominating sway over the minutest details of their life is something inconceivable and enigmatical to him. While religion is no more than a social function in the West, in the East it is the very essence of life. In this I am entirely disposed to agree with my father, and I ascribe the failure of Euro-

pean writers in comprehending the character of the Prophet and the phenomenal success of the Islam, to a complete misconception of the Eastern character and Eastern sentiments. Very truly does Bagehot say : "National character is a deep thing—a shy thing ; you cannot exhibit much of it to people who have a difficulty in understanding your language ; you are in strange society, and you feel you will not be understood." "Let an English gentleman," writes Thackeray, "who has dwelt two or four or ten years in Paris, say at the end of any given period, how much he knows of French society, how many French houses he has entered, and how many French friends he has made. Intimacy there is none ; we see but the outside of the people. Year by year we live in France, and grow grey and see no more. We play écarté with Monsieur de Trêfle every night ; but what do we know of the heart of the man—of the inward ways, thoughts, and customs of Trêfle ? We have danced with Countess Flicflac, Tuesdays and Thursdays, ever since the peace ; and how far are we advanced in her acquaintance since we first twirled her round a room ? We know her velvet gown and her diamonds ; we know her smiles and her simpers and her rouge, but the real, rougeless, *intime* Flicflac we know not."¹

If this is the case—and undoubtedly it is so—between such close neighbours as the English and the French, we need not marvel at the inability of the Western writers rightly to understand that strange and complex quantity—Oriental character—without which they can neither intelligibly interpret their life nor with any reasonable accuracy expound their history. It was the intensity of religious belief alone, unalloyed by baser considerations, which was the real propelling force of the life of the Prophet, and it would be an error to ascribe his actions, as it has been done, to motives other than religious. We often read of certain measures of the Prophet attributed to political foresight and reasons of statesmanship, but neither politic nor statecraft had any meaning or significance in those days of sweet simplicity.

The error lies in introducing preconceived notions into the study of the history of those times, and it is singular that even so careful and circumspect a writer as Von Kremer ascribes the conversion of the Arabs mainly to their love of money and the boundless prospect of booty which the early militant Islam offered to them, and equally singular is it that so sound and thorough a scholar as Dr. Goldziher seriously argues from the similarity between certain Muslim Traditions and Biblical passages that the former were necessarily borrowed from the latter.²

Were I to discuss this subject here I would be taken far afield, and I therefore leave it for a more seasonable occasion.

Though my father could not, for one moment, sympathise with religious bigotry and intolerance, he was yet a Muslim through and through. For the Prophet and his family he entertained the most devout reverence, and to the last he never missed the five daily prayers. After the morning prayer he would regularly read the Qur'an for half-an-hour, and a magnificent copy of the Qur'an was one of the gifts which I received from him on the eve of my departure for England. On the fly-leaf he wrote :—

قران مجید زاد اللہ شرفہ و عظمتہ بہ فرزند ارجمند خود صلاح الدین مد عمرہ

¹ Bagehot, "Literary Studies," vol. ii, pp. 44-45.

² "It has been the fashion," says Deutsch, "to ascribe whatever is good in Islam to Christianity. We fear this theory is not compatible with the results of honest investigation. For of Arabian Christianity, at the time of Mohamed, the less said, perhaps, the better. By the side of it even modern Amharic Christianity, of which we possess such astounding accounts, appears pure and exalted."

بروز روانگی ولایت بغرض تلاوت فرزند عزیز مذکور بخشیدم - خداوند تعالی به
برکت این مصحف شریف فرزند مد عمره را در امن خود نگاه دارد و سلامتی
ایمان فائزالمرام باین حقیر ملحق سازد - حرره خدا بخش عفی عنه
المرقوم تاریخ ۱۴ اپریل سنه ۱۲۹۳ ع

With rapturous enthusiasm did he always quote the following Ruba'i :—

ای مطلع افتاب ذات احدی * صبح ازای چراغ شام ابدی
کس نیست بجز تودستگیرے ما را * یا ختم رسل خذ بیدی خذ بیدی

On the 10th of Mohurrum my father never allowed us children to see the Mohurrum procession, which he regarded as a mockery and travesty of religion, and for which he never found language sufficiently condemnatory. He thought it wicked to a degree to convert the anniversary of one of the greatest tragedies in the history of Islam into a day of carnival and festivity, instead of observing it scrupulously as one of veritable mourning ; and perhaps it would surprise the reader to know that up to now I have not seen the Patna Mohurrum procession which, I am told, is almost unique in grandeur and magnificence. On the anniversary of that terrible day he occupied himself in the study of the Qur'an and other religious books.

It was one of his deepest regrets that he could never visit the two holy cities of Mekka and Medina. Here I may mention an instance of my father's extreme religious tolerance. In 1894, when I returned home from England for the summer vacation, I often had discussions with him on religious subjects, and he found fault with my views as being somewhat unorthodox, but he never lost his temper or showed the least sign of displeasure. On the contrary he purchased for me Sir William Muir's "Life of Mohamed," Koelle's "Life of Mohamed," and Dodd's "Buddha, Christ and Mohamed," books by no means favourable to the Prophet ; but at the same time, he asked me to study the other side of the question as well before making up my mind one way or the other. Among Muslim authors whom he suggested that I should study, he laid special stress on the following : Ibn Hisham, the Shifa of Kadhi Iyadh, Kitab-ul-Wasila of Mulla (a unique MS. in our library) ; Zad-ul-Ma'ad of Ibn Qyyam (another rare MS. in our library) ; and the collection of Muslim traditions which, he said, reveal the inner life of the Prophet, his intense religious conviction, his glorious self-sacrifice, his stoical firmness in defeat, his magnanimity in victory, his simple and unostentatious life, the entire absence of pride, ambition, arrogance and vindictiveness from his character, and his passionate devotion and loving fondness for his followers. Moreover, in Islam he found a religion which set before its followers an ideal neither too difficult to attain nor at the same time impossible to realise. In it he saw not merely 'counsels of perfection' but a religion which might scrupulously be followed without renouncing the duties and responsibilities of the world. But with all his attachment to Islam he was not one of those who relegated the professors of other religions to eternal damnation. He could not conceive that God, whom we are taught to believe as just, loving, and merciful, would commit the major portion of mankind to the everlasting torments of hell-fire because they happen to hold a different creed or to worship Him in some manner other than the one pres-

cribed by Islam, and often would he quote in support of his view the noble utterances of Sana'i, Dard, and Ghalib :—

سخن کز بہر دین گوئی چہ عبرانی چہ سریانی
مکان کز بہر حق جوئی چہ جابلقا چہ جابلسا

شیخ کعبہ ہو کے پہونچا ہم گذشت دلمین ہو
درد منزل ایک تھی تگ راہ ہی کا پھیر تھا

وفاداری بشروط استواری اصل ایمان ہے
مرے بت خانہ میں تو کعبہ میں گارو برہمن کو

His whole view of life was deeply coloured by religion. Resignation to the will of God was his watchword, and never was his faith shaken, however bitter the trial, however acute the suffering. He never worried about the mystery of pain, of evil, of the future life, of the brevity of existence. For these he did not go to philosophy to seek a solution, but to religion; and there he found all that was necessary to give him inward wealth and joy and sweet content. 'Whatever is, is right' was his philosophy of life, and he took joys and successes, sorrows, misfortunes and bereavements with a cool head and a calm fortitude; in other words, he always preserved a temper "cool in arduous and reasonable in prosperous circumstances."

The guiding principle of his conduct towards others might well be summed up in the language of Thackeray: "Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire." Oft did I hear him recite the couplet of Zauq ذوق :—

ہاں ذوق کسکو چشم حقارت سے دیکھئے
سب ہم سے ہیں زیاد کوئی ہم سے کم نہیں

Nothing excited his emotion or stirred his compassion more than the sight of poverty, and he frequently told me that he could not understand the strange dispensation of Providence under which some were rolling in wealth and others grovelling in absolute penury. But this observation was invariably qualified by the remark that "He knoweth his ways best." To the poor and the suffering he never grudged help if it lay in his power, and I well remember some years ago the visit of a friend of his youth who was in sore distress. The man was too proud to beg, and he brought with him a MS. which he wanted to sell to my father, and the only reason for the sale that he assigned was his immediate want of money. My father looked at the MS. and told him that he had better copies in his

possession. (I believe it was a copy of either Sadi or Jami's works.) He then returned the book to him, and with it a hundred-rupee note. He believed in the brotherhood of humanity, and never suffered religion to be a barrier to a genuine friendship or intimate social intercourse. Religion, he thought, was a matter between man and his God, and a thing too sacred and too holy to be dragged into the details of life. On more than one occasion he allayed passions and smoothed difficulties between Hindus and Mohamedans, and in 1893 he took a prominent part in bringing that hateful cow-killing question—the fruitful source of so many disturbances in India—to a happy and peaceful settlement. It was on that occasion that Sir Antony Macdonell, the then Lieutenant-Governor, addressed to him a letter, a copy of which I give below :—

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S CAMP, BENGAL.

August 7th, 1893.

DEAR KHAN BAHADUR,

I thank you for your letter of the 3rd instant, and for the valued and loyal promise of your assistance in removing the feelings of irritation which here and there have arisen between Mohamedans and Hindus in connexion with the slaughter of cows. I think that there has been some misapprehension of the meaning of the Maharajah of Durbhanga. His wish and object, he assures me, was not to make any imputations, which, in the circumstances in which he spoke, would be altogether out of place, but to indicate the points on which friction might possibly occur between Hindus and Mohamedans, and so, by anticipation, to guard against its occurrence. This explanation will, I am sure, be accepted by Mohamedans and others in the conciliatory spirit in which it has been offered to me. Please convey to your many Mohamedan friends my best thanks for the marked courtesy and friendliness with which they received me at Patna, and believe me to be

Yours sincerely,

A. P. MACDONELL.

My father was wont to say that he had a strain of Brahmin blood in him, and throughout his life he showed a pronounced partiality towards the Hindus, among whom were some of his best and devoted friends. The story runs thus. My grandfather, as an infant, was suckled by a Brahmin lady, and out of deference to the memory of his foster-mother neither my father nor my grandfather ever took beef; and this family scruple and family prejudice against cow's flesh has continued unchanged.

My father was of an essentially didactic turn of mind, and he would often tell me that he considered nothing a greater sin than to wound the feelings of others, or "to blend our pleasure or our pride with the sorrows of the meanest thing that feels"; and these occasional sermons were constantly wound up either with the charming Qat'a of Imad or the equally charming lines of Sawda or Rasikh :—

بر لوح جان نوشندام از گفتۀ پدر * روز ازل که تربت او باد عجبـرین
گفت اے پسر بصحبت افتاده گریسی * شوخی مکن بچشم حقارت درو مبین
بر شیر ازان شدند بزرگان دین سوار * کاهسته تر ز مور گذشتند بر زمـین

گودر جهان دلی ز تو خرم نمی شود * بار چنان ممکن که شود خاطری حزین
یاری بجز خدا نتوان خواستن عباد * یا مستعان عونک ایاک نستعین

دعبدہ گیا جو ٹوٹ تو کیا جاے غم ہے شیخ
یہہ قصر دل نہیں کہ بنایا نہ جائیگا

جو ہے تعمیر دہ عرش عظیم * سو ہے توڑے ہوئے دل ہی کا مقیم

IV.

Marked with a sanity of judgment and a clarity of vision were his views alike regarding religion and politics. He took a liberal and extended view of religion—a practical view of politics. He was firmly persuaded that English rule was an unqualified blessing for India, and that its withdrawal would at once evoke the undying passions of opposing creeds and all the smouldering ambitions of the warlike races. In other words, India, without the English, would become the theatre of the wildest anarchy and the scene of the most unspeakable horrors. He admired the English sense of duty which shirked no danger and feared no obstacle, and he always told me that it was his rarest privilege to count among his friends some of the great Anglo-Indians who have served the Indian Empire. Nor was this feeling one-sided. His English friends had a genuine regard for him, and always showed him the greatest consideration. They appreciated his disinterested and public-spirited action in giving to the public his magnificent collection of books and the enormous self-sacrifice that it involved. Mr. Duke (so well known for his uniform kindness to, and sympathy with, Indians) wrote to me (on my father's death): "He was a unique character whom it was a privilege to know, and certainly his labours raised, during his lifetime, what will now be a magnificent monument to him." This tribute, coming as it does from one of the most responsible officers of the Bengal Government, amply shows the esteem in which my father was held in official circles. I do not propose here to discuss this subject at length, as a number of my father's friends are still in high office, and a sense of delicacy prevents me from referring to their relations with him. This portion of his life may, therefore, with advantage, be withheld for a more seasonable occasion. It was his deep-rooted conviction that India, at this stage of her career, stood in the greatest need of social reform, and he regretted the enormous waste of energy on the part of the so-called 'Politicians,' and the itinerant preachers of Swaraj and Boycott, who, he thought, were doing positive harm to the country. He believed that the time was not yet ripe for India to immerse herself in politics, and half-a-dozen fluent and facile orators could not give to 'the three hundred millions whom the Imperial Sceptre sways' that political turn of mind which, for its formation, requires centuries of discipline and training, and which can alone create unity of action and unity of purpose. India, with her numerous communities, each looking askance at the other,

with an intensity that had its roots founded in deep differentiations of character, faculty and condition, was hardly prepared yet to embark on a political mission, and it was criminal folly to establish secret societies and to have recourse to the dagger of the assassin. Such are not the methods by which he thought India could realise her legitimate ambition or the Indians their legitimate dues. These would serve merely to retard progress by creating a feeling of suspicion and distrust on the part of our rulers. He always admired the patience and forbearance, the self-restraint and self-control which those at the helm of the State display under most trying and irritating circumstances; and he pointed to the action of the present Government in connection with the recent bomb outrages and the discovery of a secret anarchical society as a signal proof of the English sense of justice and equity. He never, however, for one moment, doubted that the country as a whole was loyal to the core, and regarded the mad melodrama enacted in Bengal as the outcome of temporary brain-storm and diseased fancy. He held firmly by constitutional principles, and though he did not consider that our Government is perfect or flawless (that no Government is), he yet had an unbounded faith and confidence in the English character; and was firmly convinced that any grievances properly represented, or any demand honestly made, would meet with the serious attention of the Government. He thought it would do good to the people who talk glibly about Swaraj carefully to study and inwardly to digest Bagehot's "Physics and Politics" and take its lessons seriously to heart.

In the following passage of that remarkable book he found a deep lesson for the overweening politicians of our age:—"What are called in European politics the principles of 1789 are, therefore, inconsistent with the early world; they are fitted only to the new world in which society has gone through its early task; when the inherited organisation is already confirmed and fixed; when the soft minds and strong passions of youthful nations are fixed and guided by hard transmitted instincts. Till then not equality before the law is necessary but inequality, for what is most wanted is an elevated *élite* who know the law: not a good Government seeking the happiness of its subjects, but a dignified and overawing Government getting its subjects to obey: not a good law, but a comprehensive law binding all life to one routine. Later are the ages of freedom; first are the ages of servitude." The energy expended and the time wasted on political propaganda might profitably be employed both by Hindus and Mohamedans on social reforms and intellectual advancement, without which politics were barren, ineffectual and unavailing. He insisted on the purity of the home¹ and regarded character as of greater moment than a

¹ Extracts from my father's article on *طریقہ پرورش اطفال* published in *دہلیہ اصفیہ* number 9, 132 A. H. (Hydrabad Deccan):

نہولیں جب سربرا کردہ ہوا اور تمام فرانس اوسکے قبضہ میں آیا اور یورپ پر برا دباو اوسکا پڑا اور اوسکا تجربہ بہت وسیع ہوا اسکا قول یہ تھا کہ فرانس میں افسوس بچوں کی پرورش کے لئے مائیں نہیں ہیں اس میں کچھ شک نہیں کہ بچوں کی پرورش اور اُنکی نگرانی خصوصاً اُس زمانہ میں کہ جب تک وہ پانچ چھ برس کی عمر کو پہنچیں ماؤں سے بہتر کوئی نہیں کرسکتا اسلئے اسکی شدید ضرورت ہے کہ باپ خود نگرانی

University degree. Honesty, straightforwardness, self-respect, self-reliance, respect for womanhood, regard for religion, fellow-feeling and mutual toleration—these are the qualities, he would frequently say, the Indians must possess before they can hope to rise or reasonably call for Self-Government. With the Swadeshi movement, namely, the movement which aims at reviving the faded industries and forgotten arts and crafts of India, he was in perfect sympathy, but he had nothing but unmixed contempt for a movement which, under cover of promoting native industries, avowedly has for its end and aim the excitement of racial jealousy and racial hatred. He never attached any importance or gave a second thought to the wild excesses recently perpetrated in Bengal, but, at the same time, he believed that throughout the country there existed a general feeling that the claims of the people were not fully considered nor their wishes always consulted.

بچون کي ڪرے اور هميشه هدايت معقول لڙڪونڪي مان ڪو اس باب ميڊن ڏے - ڪيونڪه هندوستانيڪي بيبيان عدم تعليم کي وجهه سے اور نيز پرده نشيني ے باعث سے دنيا سے واقفيت نهين رکهندين - ايسي پرده نشين بي بي ڪسي فعل ے نتيجہ ڪو ڪيا سمجهه سڪني هے جب بچہ ڏاڍه کي گود سے الگ هونو پهر اُسڪو عورتونڪي پاس رهنا ڪس طرح جايز نهين اور هم هندوستانيونڪي گهر ميڊن لوانديان دائيان مامائين مغلانديان ڪثرت سے هيڻ هميشه والدين ڪو ايسي ڪوشش ڪرني چاهئے ڪه اس فرقہ سے لڙڪے اور بچے الگ رهيڻ - بعد مڪتب بچون ڪو مهذب لوگونڪي صحبت ميڊن رکھنا چاهئے اور هميشه يه خيال ڪرنا چاهئے ڪه خانہ زاد اور غلام بچون ے ساڻه نه رهيڻ - اور جو طلبا بچونڪي ساڻه پڙهيڻ جيسا ڪه عموماً مسلمان گهرون ميڊن دستور هے اُنڪي وضع کي بهي نگراني ڪرين هميشه ايسے اسڪولن ميڊن لڙڪونڪو ڏينا چاهئے ڪه خوش اطواري اور اخلاق حميده اُنڪي پڙهيڻ - اور ماسترون ڪا يا مدرسون ڪا به ايڪ فرض منصبِي هونا چاهئے *

حضرات ايڪ انگريزي قول به هے ڪه اگڙ ڪوئي اڀے بچونڪي اخلاق درست ڪيا چاهے توپهله اڀے اخلاق درست ڪرے - افسوس هے ڪه مائين تو تعليم يافته هيڻ هي نهين ڪه وه غريب اسڪي نڪات ڪو سمجهين باقي رهے بچونڪي باپ وه ان اقسام ے لوگ هيڻ دولتمند نوڪري پيشه - تجارت پيشه يا مزدور دولتمندونڪو هندوستان ے اڀے بچونڪي تعليم ڪي طرف توجه نهين - هر شخص اڀے گريبان ميڊن سرور الڪر خود اڀے اطوار ڪو ڏيکھه سڪتا هے اور ناظرين اسڪو خود خوب خيال فرما سڪتے هيڻ - وه غريب بچے جنهن ے اُنڪه ڪهلته هي باپ ڪا سامان عيش و عشرت ڏيکها فرمائے اوسڪا جي پڙهنه لکهنه ميڊن ڪيونڪر لڳ سڪتا هے اوس ے توپهه سمجهليا ڪه دنيا ميڊن يهي چيز هے ورنه همارا باپ ڪيون ڪرنا - بچونڪا دل مئل صفحہ ڪاغذ ے هے اوسپر جتنے نشان پڙين گے وه نقش ڪا الحجر هوجائينگے پس لازم هے ڪه باپ اڀے اطوار کي اصلاح ڪرے اگڙ يه چاهتا هو ڪه بيٺا معقول اور خوش وضع هو - ناظرين

He did not, however, believe that a wave of discontent or disloyalty was passing over the country, or that there was any genuine or widespread unrest among the people, but he apprehended that if the misunderstanding between Government and people were to continue long unremoved difficulties might arise in the remote if not near future. He took a lively interest in the Russo-Japanese War, and in his letter of the 1st of November 1906 he writes to me : " My house is a solitary confinement in holidays, and I regret to say that the first volume of the Russo-Japanese War which I have been reading is now over." He did not, like some writers, ascribe this new phase of thought to the victories of Japan, but mainly to the growth of education among the people. India has been suddenly drawn into the main current of European thought, and the influence of European civilisation has had a pronounced and decisive influence over her. English is universally studied out here, even to the neglect and exclusion of Arabic and Sanskrit. People have suddenly risen from their long slumber and see before them the dazzling brilliance of European civilisation and the majestic march of democratic ideas. This being the position of affairs educated Indians, secretly if not openly, resent the social distinctions and social disabilities which divide them from their rulers. They naturally crave, so he thought, for a share in shaping the policy of

معافی فرمائینگے یہ ایک مرے سامنے کا واقعہ ہے کہ جس سے ناظرین خیال کریں گے کہ باپ کے افعال آئینہ دل پر بچونکے ویسا ہی جاگزیں ہوتی ہیں جیسا فوٹو کی تصویر کاغذ پر اترتی ہے۔ میں اتفاق سے ایک رئیس کی ملاقات کو حاضر ہوا۔ میں نے دیکھا کہ چند مصاحب جمع ہیں اور نفیس حقے اور ایک ارباب نشاط میں سے جو وجیہہ صورت تھی وہاں بیٹھی ہے۔ مجھ سے اون سے ایک مقدمہ کے بارے میں باتیں ہونے لگیں۔ ایک صاحب نے آکر اُن سے عرض کیا کہ صاحبزادے کے پاس ایک زن بازاری بیٹھی ہوئی ہے وہ نہایت خبط میں آئے کھڑے ہو گئے اور فرمانے لگے کہ لاٹھی لاؤ۔ غرض لاٹھی آئی میں بھی کھڑا ہو گیا۔ اور میں نے اُنکا ہاتھ تھام کر یہ پوچھا کہ جناب اس لاٹھی سے آپ کسے مارنے جاتے ہیں اُس زن بازاری کو یا صاحبزادے کو۔ اس پر وہ کچھہ معاملہ ہوئے۔ تو میں نے اُنکی خدمت میں عرض کیا کہ پہلے جناب اس لاٹھی سے اس زن بازاری کو جو آپکی محبت میں بیٹھی ہے مار کر نکالے اوسکے بعد بے کسی زحمت کے وہ زن بازاری جو مجلس میں آپکے صاحبزادے کے ہے خود چلی جائیگی۔ افسوسناک حالت یہ ہے کہ ہمارے فرقہ اسلام میں دو چیزیں ضروری ہیں امان اور نواہی انکا حال بقول غالب یہی ہو گیا * بیت *

لَا تَقْرَبُوا الصَّلَاةَ زُهَيْمٍ بِخَاطَرٍ اسْت * وَ زَاوِر يَادَ مَانِدَةً كَلُوا وَ اشْرَبُوا

ارباب بصیرت کی خدمت میں صرف اسقدر التماس ہے کہ جب انجمنی حالت مسلمانوں کی ایسی ہو گئی ہے تو کون سی توقع ہے کہ اُس قوم کے بچے اچھی تعلیم پائیں گے اور سر پر آوردہ نکلیں گے۔

the Government, and a fair representation in the higher offices of the State. True, this feeling is yet confined to a narrow and limited class of educated men, but decade by decade, education is fast increasing, and is penetrating larger and larger areas. It was here, more than anywhere else, that my father saw a source of danger alike to the people and the Government. Nevertheless, he hoped that as time went by, Government would make greater concessions and allow greater privileges to the people than it is, at present, prepared to concede.

Keenly alive as he was to the incalculable advantages which have flowed from British rule in India,—namely, the enlargement of the intellectual outlook, the impetus to trade and commerce, the general and widespread prosperity of the country and the people, a universal sense of security of person and property, the growth of civic life and its necessary concomitants, the unmistakable progress towards the recognition of the rights and status of women,—with all these cheering and cheerful results which promise still brighter prospects for the future, he was, at the same time, not insensible to the destructive results of European influence.

Of such results he found the most clear and cogent evidence in two directions : firstly on the religious, and secondly on the social systems of the Indians.¹ Western influence has made a vigorous assault on the religions of India, notably on Hinduism. It has shaken the middle-class Hinduism to its deepest foundations. It has unsettled the belief of the partially educated classes, without substituting anything in its place. Nor has it failed to leaven Islam. To this influence did he ascribe the growing religious scepticism, agnosticism and even atheism in educated circles. But he considered it as a mere passing phase, to be followed by the return of an orthodoxy of a perhaps more reasonable and permanent character.

¹ I shall here quote from my article on 'The Mohamedan Awakening' published in the *Empire* of the 15th and 22nd November 1906 : "Misconceived ideas of Islam prevented the Mohamedans from applying themselves to the study of English. This prejudice against it continued for some time after the Mutiny. It was reserved for Sir Syed Ahmed to bring home to the Mohamedans the utter folly of the position they had taken up. He pointed out to them, in season and out of season, the blazing indiscretion which was wrecking their career as a people. He met with opposition and was cried down as a setter forth of strange things, but he continued to preach and eventually succeeded in bringing round his people to his own mode of thought. The political life of the Mohamedans could only be saved from extinction, so thought Sir Syed, by participating in and not discarding Western education and Western culture. To plant his teaching on a permanent and abiding basis he established the Aligarh College. Here were the two streams of Eastern and Western culture to meet, and unite and broaden into a mighty channel for the general benefit of his people. The result has completely justified his hopes and wishes, and at Aligarh we have the most harmonious blending of European and Eastern education. If Sir Syed was the premier advocate and founder of Muslim education on modern lines he was also the first in India to remove the crust of superstition and bigotry with its thousand incidents which overlaid and disfigured the original simplicity of Islam. A new life was poured into Islam, and Sir Syed must be regarded and reckoned as one of the apostles of our age. The impulse which he has given to modern education and the interpretation which he has put upon Islam and its tenets have borne a rich harvest. The narrow and straight-laced doctrines of the doctors and divines were scattered to the winds, and a new era set in, the watchword of which was reform in all directions ; reform in social life, reform in religion and advance in matters intellectual. The upward march is always slow, but even the least reflective of observers would scarcely fail to notice that there is an appreciable advance towards progress. Nor are the Mohamedans insensible, now, of their political position. This, indeed, is only natural. With education come political hopes, ambitions and aspirations. They have rightly refrained, so far, from adopting methods of political agitation with which, of late, we have become only too familiar. But that is due mainly to their belief that conciliatory steps and respectful requests are more profitable and effective than clamorous

Western influence upon the Indian Social System appeared to my father of a more durable character. It has completely transformed the domestic life of educated India and is steadily undermining the basis of Eastern family life. The Eastern family, unlike the Western, includes all the descendants of one common ancestor. Bound by the tie of kinship, in most cases they live together under the tender care of the head of the family, who is usually its oldest member and is invested with *Patria Potestas*, short of the power of life or death possessed by the Roman father. He decides disputes, enforces discipline, and his command has the force of law. He is the sole custodian of the family honour and prestige, and he is the one to whom the members of the family look up for help and guidance. A strong tendency towards decentralization has set in, and it is too glaring to be mistaken or missed. Whether it will lead to results—good or bad—

speeches and seditious advocacy. In the interest of both the Government and our Mohamedan fellow-subjects we hope that this feeling of trust and confidence on the one hand, and help and sympathy on the other, will continue without a break.

Notable, indeed, is the spirit in which modern Mohamedan writers have addressed themselves to the task of writing history. We, of course, expect modern treatment of history from Mr. Ameer Ali who is abreast of modern culture and has had the advantage of an English education, and whose historical works might be favourably compared with works of recognized European historians. But the modern spirit, so to speak, is in the air, and is not confined to men who have been to Europe or have received their training at European or English Universities. We have got, indeed, Mohamedan historians who have never set foot on European soil saturated with the same spirit. This fact, to be sure, can only be accounted for by the influence of European or rather English education, which has been steadily gaining ground here, and which has been affecting all classes and conditions of men. In Prof. Shibli, who might be called a disciple of Sir Syed, we have the triumph of modern historical method. Though ill-acquainted with English, Prof. Shibli is in line with modern historical criticism. He has opened a new vein in Indian historical criticism, and his canons of historical criticism would be accepted without demur or hesitation even by the Regius Professor of History at Oxford. It scarcely admits of a doubt that the new Indian historical literature is the direct outcome of English influence. Prof. Shibli may be regarded as the founder of the historical school in India. He has lighted the torch, and it is he who has handed it on to others—men like Moulvie Chirag Ali and Moulvie Abdur Razzaq. Moulvie Chirag Ali deserves more than a passing notice. He has written two books of great excellence and great merit—‘A Critical Exposition of the Jihad’ and ‘Reforms under Muslim Rule.’ In the latter he discusses with much learning and breadth of view the weak points of the Islamic Government and advocates certain reforms which he considers imperative for the salvation and preservation of Mohamedans as a community. This work exemplifies, indeed, the spirit of compromise and shows the extent to which it is prepared to go. The burden of the book is to prove to his co-religionists the necessity of moving with the age in which they are living. He urges them to consider whether institutions thirteen hundred years old can be accepted in their entirety without change or modification. He points out the enormous changes through which Mohamedans have passed, and advocates that circumstances having changed, they must needs modify, alter or even do away with institutions which are no longer in harmony with existing conditions and requirements. No sane person will deny the soundness of this proposition, but, for our purposes, we need only note that such views are clear indications of the changes that have come over the tone and temper of the Mohamedan community. But if the study of history has, under English influence, been placed upon a modern basis, we cannot fail to trace English influence in the rich crop of novels that have appeared in the Urdu language. True, these novels contain no shrewd criticisms of life, nor do they deal with the various and varying shades of human character. They do not possess cleverness of design, nor mastery of finish; but we should not forget that this art is still in its infancy and has a future before it. These are, indeed, infallible signs of a new age which is dawning upon the Mohamedans. It is an age of silent revolution in which old habits are shaken, old views overthrown, ancient assumptions rudely questioned, and ancient inferences utterly denied. The result is an impatient anxiety to put an end to the slavish devotion of the past which, so far, stifled growth and destroyed that adaptability to changing circumstances which is the condition precedent of progress and success.”

it is, indeed, premature to predict ; but one thing is certain—this most charming feature of oriental life cannot last long.

Further, the introduction of the competitive system appeared to him largely responsible for the decline and decay of the old Hindu and Mohamedan aristocratic families. While it has brought men of very indifferent birth and position in life to the forefront, and has secured for them high stations in Government employ, it has left the cream and flower of the Indians to wither away unprotected and unprovided for. They find it hopeless successfully to compete in examinations with the *Novi Homines* ; with the result that they must end their days either as Sub-Inspectors of Police, or, if they are fortunate enough, as Registrars in some remote and outlying districts of Behar or Bengal. My father never attached much importance to examinations ; nor did he believe that mere book-learning was a safe guarantee for the qualities needed to make either a good judicial or executive officer. It required, he thought, many generations to breed high qualities of the mind or body, and if the Government seriously gave a trial to the scions of old Hindu and Mohamedan families it would find in them men not merely thoroughly competent to discharge their duties but scrupulously honest, strictly impartial, severely just, and eminently fitted for any duties that might be entrusted to them. He frequently referred, as instances, to the old subordinate judges who, though they wrote judgments in Persian, yet possessed a remarkable insight, and a rare knowledge of law and human life, and whose decisions not even their Lordships of the Privy Council felt inclined to disturb or vary. These men were not crammers, who by sheer dint of memory had passed examinations, but were descendants of the old Hindu and Mohamedan families, and as such commanded and fully justified the respect and confidence reposed in them by the public. The admission of such men, in larger numbers, would at once raise the tone of the public service, and impress upon it a character which the sons of weavers, petty tradesmen and the like, could scarcely hope to impart to it. Often did my father say, Where would Sir Salar Jung, Sir Syed Ahmed and Mohsin-ul-Mulk be if examinations alone were the test of statesmanship or of high judicial and executive qualities ?

Moreover, my father never ceased to regret that men of the stamp of Sir Ashley Eden and Sir Antony (now Lord) Macdonell, Sir Charles Lyall and Sir Henry Prinsep, Mr. Beveredge and Mr. Inglis are becoming rarer and rarer in the Indian Civil Service. ‘ Confidence begets confidence,’ and these were the men who trusted and encouraged the Indians, received them with open arms, sympathised with their hopes and aspirations, saved many families from impending ruin and starvation, and went out of their way to assist them.

They were not men of the modern Civil Service type, who with their formal ‘ dear sir ’ and the equally formal ‘ how do you do ? ’—their superior Olympic air—their cold repulsive mannerisms—their supercilious, contemptuous smile—their rough, blunt ways—once a week condescend to receive either in their portico or their dismal office room a few of the many thousand Indians committed to their charge. The present writer does not, for one moment, suggest that there are no exceptions to this most unfortunate rule, and he himself knows more than a dozen men high in office who are perfect models of kindness and sympathy and genuine regard for Indians and their feelings ; but he must, at the same time, add that these are noble examples of men who have risen above their surroundings. I may be permitted, here, to relate one of my own experiences which is quite pertinent to the point I am making. I had, once, the misfortune of

appearing before a young civilian whose conceit, I must frankly confess, was something quite out of the common, and whom I do not hold up as the average type of his fellows in the Service. My pleader and I went to the court-room exactly at 10-30. About a quarter of an hour after, his arrival was announced, and there was an unusual stir and commotion and excitement in the court premises, such as to tempt one to believe that either the Viceroy or the Lieutenant-Governor had paid a sudden and unexpected visit to a forlorn and forgotten building in India. The reader can well imagine our anxiety to mark the various stages of this most interesting comedy—and a veritable comedy it was. Soon after the announcement the great functionary sailed in into the court room, but the most noticeable feature was his peculiar gait, which at once reminded me of the lazy, languid stroll of the frequenters of Piccadilly or the Burlington Arcade. There were only three of us there (the magistrate, the pleader and myself).¹ He completely ignored our existence, turned his back towards us, pulled out his cigarette-case, and began to smoke leisur-ly with an absolute disregard of the two other mortals that were there. For ten minutes or so he remained in that room, then got up and marched out in the same fashion as that in which he had entered. Perhaps it was offensive to his dignity to stay in the same room with a couple of Indians, before the actual court work began, or perhaps he did not care to make any further exhibition of his folly and silliness. I ask the reader's forgiveness for this digression.

My father used always to say that Indians are not very hard to please ; one kind word, a little courtesy, a little sympathy is all that is needed to gain full control and perfect sway alike over their heart and their mind. My father was far too practical to be given to abstract theories, universal doctrines, watch-words and shibboleths of any kind, and he was firmly persuaded that nothing was more needed, now, than genuine sympathy, kindly feelings and affectionate regards on the one side ; implicit confidence, unshaken trust and absolute faith on the other. England, he said, has a noble mission to fulfil—none other than the education and elevation of the people of India—social intellectual and moral elevation—the creation of a sense of corporate and national unity out of divergent and discordant elements, to enable India to form an inseparable and integral part of her Island Kingdom : bound to it by the ties of love and gratitude, rooted to it by the blessings of culture and civilisation, and not held and retained at the point of the bayonet. This, indeed, is the true mission of England, and this ought to be the animating, guiding and controlling spirit of her rule in India. Often did he wax eloquent when comparing and contrasting the Anglo-Indians of the days previous to the Mutiny, with those of his own times, deeply deploring the change for the worse that has taken place. While the Anglo-Indians of those earlier days mixed freely with the people, treated them with kindness and consideration, tried their uttermost to enter into their feelings, shared in their festivities and joined in their griefs, the generality of young civilians of the present day stand coldly aloof, regarding the people more as 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' than as rational and thinking beings with a brilliant and glorious past. He was thoroughly convinced that nothing was more necessary than a freer social intercourse between the English and the Indians ; since out of it alone can come that warmth

¹ It may be interesting to know that I was not unknown to the magistrate, having been introduced to him shortly before, by an English Judge of the Calcutta High Court.

of mutual feeling which disarms suspicion, fosters regard, and kindles love. Moreover, as things are, it is hopeless to expect that the rulers and the ruled can ever know and appreciate each other. Conventional courtesy, fictitious adoration and obsequious submission are not calculated to ensure mutual esteem and regard, without which neither the Government nor the people can reap the full harvest of the manifold blessings of advancing civilisation, nor work together in concert and harmony. Nor is the Government ever likely to get at the real feelings and sentiments of the Indians so long as a social barrier divides the two races, notwithstanding the stupendous network of the espionage system and the Criminal Investigation Department.

Loyal addresses, flattering opinions, unqualified approval and assent, my father always distrusted, and refused to accept them as infallible guides. He traced three-fourths of these addresses and opinions to the industrious zeal of some aspirant or other to high office, a seat in Council, or, perchance, to some title or decoration. These are unsafe channels of popular opinion, and should rather be discouraged than countenanced.

He divided the Indian population into three classes : (1) the inarticulate masses who are only one remove from barbarism ; (2) the over-zealous loyalists who are constantly professing deep devotion and passionate attachment to the Government ; and (3) the extremists whom nothing short of Swaraj will satisfy. He declined to believe that the present political distemper in Bengal is due to the Partition of Bengal, but rather, he thought, it was the result of the treatment meted out to the Indians by the ruling class, and their exclusion from the higher offices of the State. The cure for the existing malady is not coercion and repression, but rather conciliatory measures, gentler means and kindlier methods. Terror of Law may, for a time, silence but will never wholly succeed in quenching the flames of popular discontent. My father fully endorsed the opinion of Prince Hohenlohe in this : that " Just as a man, however carefully brought up, reaches a stage when he insists on shaping his own destiny, so, in the history of every nation there comes a moment when the best intentions of government are ignored, the most zealous discharge of its duties by a tutelary bureaucracy is contemned, because the government and the bureaucracy will not recognize that the nation has attained to its majority." But if this is only partially applicable to India, at the present stage of her civilisation, it is beyond doubt that things are fast drifting to it, and in these troublous times careful pilotage is a condition precedent to future peace and prosperity. The policy which was necessary or even wholesome fifty years ago cannot now be adopted or pursued in its entirety. Reasonable changes or modifications must be the answer to altered circumstances. Never was truth told more openly than by Lord Salisbury when he said : " The axioms of the last age are the fallacies of the present ; the principles which save one generation may be the ruin of the next. There is nothing abiding in political science but the necessity of truth, purity and justice. The evils by which the body-politic is threatened are in a state of constant change, and with them the remedies by which those evils must be cured. Such changes operate very rapidly in these days."

V.

I now pass on to the history of the Bankipore Oriental Library, which is the greatest achievement of my father's life, and upon which must rest his title to fame and his claims upon the gratitude of the literary world.

My grandfather was essentially a man of letters,¹ and he spent the greater portion of his income in purchasing MSS. which at the time of his death, in 1876, numbered 1,400. "On his death-bed my father (writes the founder in his article on the Islamic Libraries) entrusted them to me, and asked me to convert his library into a public library for the use of the community whenever I should find myself in a position to do so." My father never forgot this pious trust, and since 1876 his one constant endeavour was to carry it out. By his sketch of my father's life, published in the September number of the *Modern Review*, Prof. Jadunath Sircar has forestalled me, and I shall here quote some of the romantic incidents connected with the library which the Professor has so admirably described in his article. "There are many romances connected with the growth and history of the library. The most precious MSS. in India were undoubtedly those of the Mogul library in Delhi. Thither, through the 16th and 17th centuries, came all rare and fine specimens of calligraphy and illumination in the East. Some were purchased, others were executed by artists retained in the Imperial service, some were secured by conquest (as of Golconda and Hyderabad in Aurangzib's reign); and many by the confiscation of the goods of great nobles on their death. (On the death of Akbar's poet-laureate Faizi, his 4,300 volumes were added to the Emperor's library). Thus was formed the largest library in the East at that period, for while Central Asia, Persia and Arabia were torn by incessant wars, India enjoyed peace under the Moguls. In the 18th century many of these found their way to the library of the Nawabs of Oudh. But the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 brought about the fall of Delhi and Lucknow. The Imperial and Nawabi treasures were dispersed. The Nawab of Rampur (Rohil Khand), who had joined the English, got the best of the loot, as he had proclaimed among the victorious sepoys that he would pay one rupee for every MS. brought to him. Khuda Bukhsh began his collection much later; but there was the greatest rivalry between him

¹ My grandfather (1815-1876) was an excellent Persian and Arabic Scholar, and his Bayadh, which I hope to publish shortly, shows at once his wide reading and sound judgment. The Bayadh contains selections from Persian poets and covers the whole range of Persian poetry from the earliest times down to Ghalib, his contemporary. He himself occasionally composed verses which were mostly religious. His poem on our Saint Shaikh Mohiuddin Jilani, I place here below:—

بہال خویش تنگم یامعی الدین جیلانی * نگاہ از کرم سوے من اے محبوب سبحانی
 بود سلطان و سید خواجہ و مخدوم القابت * بود در خلق نامت قطب عالم غوث مہمدانی
 غریب و شیخ و مولانا ولی درویش و ہم شاہی * کہ بر قد تو می زبید لباس اعظم الشانی
 بحسن خلق چون احمد علی سیرت حسن بانی * بخوبی چون حسین و در صباحت یوسف ثانی
 رخس تفسیر و الشمس و دلش شرح الم نشرح * دو دستش دستگیر خلق و قامت سرو اہمائی
 ہمہ موجود عالم حلقہ درگوش اند پیش تو * کہ دارد نام تو خاصیت مہر سلیمہ—انی
 غلامی از غلامان گداے از گدایان * مذم محتاج محتاجان تو شاہنشاہ شاہانی
 علاجی کن مرا اے در لب تو معجز عیسیٰ * کہ جان من بلب آمد ز اندوہ گران جانی
 ز گرداب غم برکش کہ هستی زوح کشتی بان * بسیلاب حوادث زورق من گشت طوفانی
 ز پا افتادہ ام دستم بگیر و سرفرازم کن * کہ نام تست پیرو دستگیر اے قطب ربانی
 غلام خواجگان چیشتم تسلیم پیرو من * دلا در شاہ صوفی حاجی و مقبول یزدانی

and the Nawab. At last Khuda Bukhsh won over from the Nawab's side that jewel of a book-hunter, Mohamed Maqi, an Arab, and paid him a regular salary of Rs. 50 a month besides commission for 18 years, and employed him in searching for rare MSS. (mostly Arabic) in Syria, Arabia, Egypt and Persia (specially Bayrut and Cairo). It was Khuda Bukhsh's invariable practice to pay double railway fare to every manuscript-seller who visited Bankipur. Thus his fame spread throughout India, and he was given the first choice of every MS. on sale in any part of the country. Curiously enough, one year the library was broken open by a former book-binder, and some of the best MSS. stolen. The thief sent them for sale to a broker or merchant at Lahore, and the latter unsuspectingly offered them to Khuda Bukhsh as the likeliest person to buy them. So in the end the honest man came by his own, and the thief was punished. In another case divine justice was secured by a similar round-about process. Mr. J. B. Elliot (a great book-collector and donor to the Bodleian) borrowed a unique MS. of the odes of Kamaluddin Ismail Isfahani from Mohamed Bukhsh and afterwards refused to return it, offering a large price for it. The owner indignantly declined but held his peace. When Elliot retired he packed his choicest MSS. in some cases and shipped them to England; while his worthless books were put in another case and left at Patna to be sold by auction. By the irony of fate or the Will of God, call it what you will, not only the extorted volume of the odes but some other rare MSS. as well (such as the Majalis-i-Khamsa bearing Shah Jahan's autograph) got into the wrong case, and Mohamed Bukhsh bought them. On reaching England Elliot discovered his mistake, only to fret and fume in vain. One day when Khuda Bukhsh was driving back from the High Court at Hyderabad, his eyes, ever on the lookout for books, discovered a bundle of volumes on a sack of flour in a grocer's shop. He stopped, turned the books over, and asked the price. The owner shrewdly answered: "To any other man I should have sold these old and rotten papers for Rs. 3. But as your Lordship is interested in them they must contain something of value. I want Rs. 20 for them." A true guess, for along with some worthless things the bundle contained an old work on Arabic bibliography not to be found elsewhere. Immediately after Khuda Bukhsh's purchase Rs. 400 was offered for it by the Nizam but in vain." So far Prof. Sircar and I vouch for the correctness of these statements. Besides the rare MSS. with which Mohamed Maqi enriched our library, MSS. poured in, in torrents, from all parts of India, and my father paid fancy prices for them. As years went by the number of MSS. increased, and the idea of building a special house for his library laid hold of my father's mind, somewhere in 1886, and he at once commenced work. In 1888 that magnificent building, "a worthy setting for the jewels they contain," was completed, and the books were then removed from our dwelling-house to the building which is now known as the Oriental Library. It was about 1888 that he asked Mr. Campbell, the then Opium Agent of Patna, and a dear friend of my father, to bring the library to the notice of the Government. What the actual results of Mr. Campbell's negotiations were I am unable to ascertain, but within a year or so Sir Charles Lyall visited the library. An accomplished Arabic scholar, Sir Charles was charmed with the invaluable treasures that he found there, and since then he has taken a keen and lively interest in the library and its founder. It is impossible for us adequately to convey in words the gratitude which we feel for the many obligations under which that great scholar has laid us, and I am convinced that it was he who first

drew the attention of the Bengal Government to the worth and value of the library and induced that Government to become its patron and sponsor. I regret the loss of correspondence between my father and the Bengal Government which preceded the opening ceremony in 1891 by the then Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Charles Elliott, when my father's and grandfather's collection of Oriental MSS. was opened to the public under the name of Khuda Bukhsh's Oriental Public Library. In 1891 the library contained 4,000 MSS., but the number has since then increased, and there are now over 5,000 MSS., besides the collection of English books amounting to over 2,500. I may here mention that my father had a peculiar weakness for fine binding. He insisted on his books being excellently bound, and the library can boast of rare specimens not only of Oriental but also of European binding. It were idle to try to convey in a few pages any adequate idea of the imperishable treasures which the library possesses, and I shall not embark upon a task which I consider so hopelessly impossible, but, at the same time, this paper would lose its value if no mention were made of at least some of our literary gems.

Before I make my own observations I shall here quote from my father's article on the Islamic Libraries, published some years ago, in the Nineteenth Century, and which has become all but unknown: "True it is, indeed, that the Moguls never rose to the same eminence in culture as the Muslims of Baghdad or Cairo or Cordova; nevertheless they held themselves up, after their iconoclastic work was done, as the patrons of letters. The descendants of Gengis Khan and grandsons of Tamerlane embraced Islam and encouraged learning. It was under them that Nasiruddin Tusi, Kutbuddin Shirazi, Saduddin Taftazani and others flourished. The Mogul dynasty in India likewise extended protection to arts and sciences, and took deep interest in the progress of culture. The Emperor Shahjahan was, indeed, a well-read man and extremely fond of books. The Adil Shahi and Kutub Shahi, Kings of the Deccan, also followed the example of the Mogul princes as far as the encouragement of learning was concerned. In India there existed several well-known libraries, but no traces of these libraries were found after the Mutiny. In those times, of which history has a doleful tale to tell, these libraries were either destroyed or books were taken out of the country. The few that remained in the country were sold at miserably low prices, owing to poverty no less than want of education. Thus, to-day in India, as far as I am aware, there is no library of Oriental books which can stand comparison with the libraries either at Medina or Cairo or Constantinople. I hope I shall not be deemed guilty of want of modesty if I describe the library which I have given to the city of Patna. It is not vanity, but the desire of bringing it to the notice of the Orientalists in Europe, that impels me to mention it in this paper. Though the library is now under the control of the Government of India, and though every possible precaution which wisdom or foresight can dictate is taken to assure its safety and permanence, still the library is incomplete without a printing press. Let us hope that ere long we shall possess a press to multiply the copies of valuable works and so bring them within the reach of the reading public. The idea of founding a library long floated before the vision of my father. The greater portion of his income he spent in the collection of MSS. which numbered 1,400 at the time of his death in July 1876. On his death-bed he entrusted these MSS. to me, and asked me to convert his library for the use of the community, whenever I should find myself in a position to do so. I inherited to the fullest extent my

father's passion for collecting books, and since his death I have been making large additions to it. In 1891 the library was opened to the public. It then contained nearly 4,000 MSS. The number of MSS. now is over 5,000. The collection of English books, though not very large, is indeed respectable, including nearly all the most important literary and scientific works. The library, further, possesses select MSS. which formerly belonged to great Orientalists like De Sacy, Sir Gore Ouseley and Mr. Blochmann of the Calcutta Madrasah, and many indeed are the notes in the handwriting of those men.

I have spoken above of the destruction to which libraries in Muslim countries were constantly liable during the periods of political excitement. In addition to oft-recurring internal dissensions, the ravages of the Moguls and the fanaticism of the Christians obliterated countless books. Owing to these misfortunes productions of Muslim writers from the second to the seventh century of the Hegira have become exceedingly rare. The Mohamedan books now extant are chiefly the writings of the authors who flourished from the middle of the seventh to the end of the eleventh century of the Hegira. I have succeeded in securing some MSS. of earlier dates which treat of astronomy, surgery, medicine, metaphysics and mixed mathematics. Many of the manuscripts are written by the most famous scribes and are exquisitely done. In the first volume of the catalogue which I have published I have dealt at length with these manuscripts. If time and health permit me I shall soon bring out the second volume. I shall mention a few here as I have a limited space at my disposal. The work of Zahravi on surgery is a manuscript which requires particular attention. This copy bears 584 A.H. as the date of execution. In this MS. the pictures of the surgical instruments are carefully drawn, and the marvellous similarity which some of the instruments bear to those which are supposed to be of modern invention tempts us to believe that the Muslims of Spain were not entirely unfamiliar with them. There is another old MS. which it may be worth our while to mention here. It is the work of Dioscorides on medicinal plants, and which was translated by the Arabs during the Caliphate of Harun-ul-Rashid. It is the very MS. which was once deposited in the charitable dispensary established by Jalaluddin Shirwan Shah in Shiraz, some six hundred years ago. Muslim writers made this book the basis of their future inquiries on medicinal plants, and the library possesses the most important and authoritative works written by Muslims on this subject. Further, this library possesses a very old manuscript of the treatises of Thabit Ibn Kurra and some of the writings of Nasiruddin Farabi and Abdur Rahim Bairuni. I am told by a well-known Orientalist of England that our copy of Nahhas's commentary on the Moallakat is far superior to any that exists in the libraries of Europe.¹ There are,

¹ Here is a letter from Sir Charles Lyall which will be of some interest to our readers. It is dated 13th April, 1905.

MY DEAR MOULAVI SAHEB,

I have to thank you for your letter received by last mail and your kind enquiries after my health. By God's blessing I am very well, though like all of us growing older. My family has also been spared the trials of illness; and we are able to take part in life with a quiet mind. I am very busy, partly with official work relating to the affairs of India, which give me plenty of employment, and partly with the preparation of an edition of the Mufaddaliyat (المفصلات) with the commentary of Al Anbari, a task on which I have now been employed for some time. When the work is

moreover, MSS. which used to belong to the Emperors of Delhi : for instance the poetical work of Mirza Kamran, brother of Humayun, written by Mohamed Ishaq Shabi, was with the Emperors of Delhi from Akbar to Mohamed Shah. This MS. bears the signatures of Jahangir and Shah-jahan. There are other books, too, bearing signatures of Shahjahan, Abdur Rahim Khan Khanan, Kings of the Adil Shahi, and some of the members of the Kutub Shahi family which are in the library.

Jahangir, in his autobiography, makes mention of a copy of the Zulaikha, which, from the description given by him, I consider to be identical with the one in the library. This book, according to the estimate of Jahangir, was valued at 20,000 Rupees.

Of poetical works the library possesses over 400 MSS ; some of them are sumptuously illuminated and magnificently bound in the oriental style. The Mohamedan works on religion—namely, the Hadis (tradition), the Fiqh (law), the Usul (jurisprudence), and Tafsir (commentary on the Koran)—are many in number, bearing the signatures of the best authors, such as Subki, Zahabi, Ibn Hajar, and others. The collection of historical works is worthy of notice. History of India, written by various Muslim writers, and also the biographies of the Emperors of the Mogul dynasty, constitute the most important portion of this collection.

These are rare books, and unless care is taken for their preservation they are likely to be all but extinct, after the lapse of half-a-century. The library would indeed fulfil its mission if an arrangement is made to edit and publish them. I fondly hope that before long the Government of India will turn its serious attention towards the publication of the important literary and historical works which lie buried in the library. It will only be doing its duty in bringing within the reach of the public books which deserve attention of every person who is at all interested in the history of the Eastern nations.”¹

printed, I shall take care that a copy is provided to the library at Bankipur. You will find some account of it in a paper which appeared in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society in April 1904. I am returning to the library, duly registered, the very valuable MS. of the commentary of An-Nahhas on the Moallakat, and beg you to accept my hearty thanks for having been allowed to keep it for so long. It is indeed a most valuable MS., better than any known to me in Europe. I should think from the character of the writing that it must date from about the end of the 5th or the beginning of the 6th century Hegira ; and it is probably a MS. written in Persia. I have had in my hands for the Mufaddaliyat a MS. dated 471 H., which corresponds in a remarkable manner in its style of writing with your MS. of Nahhas ; and I think that the two must belong to the same age and country.

With all good wishes,
I am sincerely yours,
C. J. LYALL.

¹ In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this article which I sent to Professor Stanley Lane Poole he writes to me :—

March 25th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,

I am very much obliged to you for sending me a copy of your distinguished father's essay on Islamic Libraries which I read aloud to some friends, and we were all greatly interested. It is full of information and very much to the point. You have a noble tradition in your family of booklovers, and your father and grandfather have done a splendid work in founding the library at Patna, of which you sent me the first volume of the judge's Persian Catalogue—full of interest to me. I hope he will get his wish and see a printing press established in connexion with the library. May I ask you to tell me whether H. E. Lord Curzon has been approached on this subject, and whether there is any chance of the Government taking it up. I hope to say

Rare and charming as are the specimens of Eastern painting and Persian penmanship, the value and importance of the library lie in its vast store of works on law and history, philosophy and theology, science and medicine, which are absolutely unique and in most cases unknown to the world of letters. On the life of the prophet, among others, we possess *Kitab-ul-Wasila* of Mulla and *Zad-ul-Ma'ad* of Ibn Qayyim, which throw a flood of light on his public and private life. Connected with the life of the prophet is the history of the Qur'an, and on this subject too we can boast of *Kitab Taisir-ul-Bayan fi Takhrij-Ayat-il Qur'an of Mauza'i* and *Ahkam-ul-Qur'an of Jassas Razi*.¹ Of the historical works among others, our library is the proud possessor of Ibn Hazm's *Jamharat-un-Nasab*, *Zahabi's Duwal-ul-Islamiyya*, and a whole mine of odd and interesting information in the unique MS. called *Kitab Ras'mal-in-Nadim*. The collection of works on Fiqh is specially noteworthy, but I shall only mention two: *Al Mahsul fil-Usul* of *Fakhruddin Razi*² and *Maratib-ul-Ijma* of Ibn Hazm. I have alluded to these books with no other object than this, that the Government may be pleased to consider, for the present at least, the scheme of their publication. These are rare and valuable books, and their publication would be an acquisition to Oriental learning. This list does not, by any means, exhaust the rare curiosities of the Oriental Public Library, and as the catalogue comes out the Orientalists of Europe will undoubtedly discover more and more treasures and feel more and more interest in that depository of learning.

Permit me now to draw the attention of Orientalists to a few other rare MSS. of the library. In medicine we have the *Kitab-*

ul-Mushajjar (*كتاب المشجر*), a treatise on medicine in tabular form by Ibn Masawayh who died A.H. 237 (A.D. 857) at Samarra³; *Kitab-ul-Tasrif* (*كتاب التصريف لمن عجز عن التأليف*), which is a complete copy of Albucasis's great work. The portion dealing with the practice of medicine is in Maghribi character; that which treats of surgical practice is in an Old Arabian hand; 584 A.D. is the date of transcription. The illustrations of surgical instruments are splendidly drawn and beautifully coloured.⁴ Then we have the *Talwih-ut-Tib* (*تلويح الطب*) of Al Khujandi, a very rare MS. dealing with the system of medicine current among the Arabs⁵; and *Kitab-ul-Hasha'ish* (*كتاب العشايش*). *Dioscorides' Materia Medica* was, for the first time, translated by Stephen, the son of Basil, whose translation was revised by Hunayn Ibn Ishaq. It was, further, revised and improved upon by Natili Husain b. Ibrahim b. Husain An-Natili. Our copy is the last revised and improved version. It is a very rare and old copy with coloured drawings of plants and animals.

Specially interesting and note-worthy is our collection of biographical works. Among others we have the *Kitab-ul-Mu'talif-wal-Mukhtalif*

something about it in a London Journal, and anything I can do in support of your father's public-spirited scheme I need not say will be a pleasure.

Yours truly,
STANLEY LANE POOLE.

¹ Brockelmann, Vol. I, p. 191.

² Brockelmann, Vol. I, p. 506.

³ Brockelmann (Arab. Litt., Vol. I, p. 232) does not mention this in the list of Ibn Mas'awayh's works.

⁴ Ibid., Vol. I, p. 239.

⁵ Ibid., Vol. I, p. 458.

(كتاب المؤلف والمخلف) of Ali b. Omar ad-Darqutni¹ containing the lives of the Companions of the Prophet and the Traditionists generally. It is a very old and rare copy. Then we have the *Tabaqat-ul-Hanabilah* (a very rare copy) of Mohamed b. Husain Abu Ya'la² and *As-Suhubul-Wabilah* of Mohammed Abdullah An-Najdi, a modern writer. The latter is a continuation of Ibn-Rajab's biography of the Hambalites and covers almost six centuries (748—1295 A.H.).

Besides the historical works that I have already mentioned I shall here notice the *Kitab-ut-Tawarikh* of Abu Ishaq Ibrahim Abi'd-Dam. It is a history of Islam from the time of Mohammed down to the Ayyubide Sultan Muzaffar (A.H. 1-628).³ I must not omit to refer to the unique copy of Abu Ali al Farisi's *Kitab-ul-Hujjah* which our library possesses. Neither Ibn Khallikan⁴ nor Brockelmann⁵ mention this book in their list of Abu Ali's works. The only reference that I have been able to find to this book is in the *Al muhtasab fi arab-ush-Shawaz* (Bankipore MS.) of Abu Ali's devoted disciple Ibn Jinni.⁶ The *Kitab-ul-Hujjah* treats of Qiraat or the seven early readings of the Qur'an. Equally valuable is our collection of commentaries on the Qur'an. Among others we have *Tafsir Bahr-ul-Haqa'iq* of Najmuddin Abdullah Dayah. It is a commentary according to the Sufi principles and is absolutely unknown. No other library seems to possess a copy of it. Then we have the *Tafsir Haqa'iq-ul-Qur'an* of Mohamed b. Husain as Salami.⁷ It is dated 823 A.H. This list might be indefinitely multiplied, but I trust I have said enough to convey to the reader the importance of the Bankipur Library.

In 1893 Sir Antony (now Lord) Macdonell visited the library, and on August 11th, 1893, he wrote to my father :—

BELVEDERE, CALCUTTA,

August 11th, 1893.

DEAR MOULVIE,

I must write you a line of thanks for the great treat that you gave me in going through with me the Oriental Library which, with rare public spirit, you have presented to Patna. I had not expected to see anything so fine. The collection of English literature is very good and made with excellent judgment, but the feature of the library is the magnificent collection of Oriental MSS. which it contains. I have seen nothing like it out of Europe, and it bears lasting testimony to your reverence for the great teachers of Islam and to your love of the lighter products of Eastern genius. I assure you that I spent a delightful hour with you among these imperishable treasures. I shall direct that a copy of important literary works published by the Bengal Government shall be presented, as they appear, to your library.

I remain,

Dear Moulvie,

Yours sincerely,

A. P. MACDONELL.

In 1903 one of India's greatest Viceroys honored the library with his visit, and his remarks, which I place below, are worthy of all attention :

¹ Ibid., Vol. I, p. 165.

² Ibid., Vol. I, p. 398.

³ Ibid., Vol. I, p. 346.

⁴ Ibn Khallikan, Vol. I, p. 39.

⁵ Brockelmann, Vol. I, p. 113.

⁶ Dr. Pröbster's Introduction to Ibn Jinni's *Kitabul Mugtasab*, p. viii.

⁷ Brockelmann, Vol. I, p. 200.

“While at Patna I inspected with great pleasure the library which the liberality of Khuda Bukhsh has presented to the public, and I was shown many of the rare and valuable treasures which it contains. I discussed with the generous donor the means by which the collection may be preserved from risk of fire or any other danger and by which its advantages may be made even more accessible than they now are to the reader and student. I hope that steps may be taken in both of these directions.”

January, 1903.

CURZON.

Lord Curzon's attention to the library was drawn by my friend Dr. Denison Ross of the Calcutta Madrassah, and I would add that had it not been for Sir Charles Lyall and Dr. Ross, that valuable store-house of Oriental learning would have remained unnoticed and unknown. The present writer has enjoyed the friendship of the Principal of the Calcutta Madrassah ever since his arrival in this country, and as was expected of him, he was irresistibly drawn to my father's library, where he found more than he had hoped to see and find. He aroused the interest of Lord Curzon in the library; and, as I have stated before, that great scholar, antiquarian, and last but not least statesman, visited the library in 1903.

The sanction for the construction of the reading-hall and the preparation of the descriptive catalogue, under the supervision of Dr. Denison Ross, were the direct outcome of the Viceroy's visit. I would be guilty of the unpardonable sin of ingratitude were I to fail to mention the name of the Hon'ble Mr. J. G. Cumming, the then District Magistrate of Patna (now the Judicial Secretary). To him the library is most deeply beholden. An accomplished scholar, a graceful writer (as his report on the Industries of Bengal abundantly shows), a distinguished officer, a man of liberal and catholic principles, Mr. Cumming has always taken the keenest interest in the library. It was during his time that the reading-hall was built, the lands adjoining the library were acquired, and the scheme of making a garden matured. But owing to Mr. Cumming's departure from Patna this has been left unfinished. It was my father's dearest wish that the reading-hall should be called after Mr. Cumming; in other words, it should be named 'Cumming Hall,' and the Library Committee would only be carrying out his cherished desire were they so to name it.

The reading-hall is built, and the catalogue of the library—thanks to Dr. Ross, and my esteemed friend Mr. J. A. Chapman—is in a fair way to completion. The first volume of the catalogue, which deals with Persian poetry from Firdausi to Hafiz, has just been published, and it does credit to Dr. Ross, Mr. Chapman and the compiler, Moulvi Muqtadir. It displays an amount of research and erudition which is, indeed, rare in the East, and Dr. Denison Ross may well be congratulated on the success achieved by his pupil Moulvi Muqtadir. Among the remarkable works noticed in this volume Dr. Ross mentions—

(1) A splendid copy of the Shah Namah (No. I.) which Ali Mardan Khan presented to the Emperor Shahjahan.

(2) A copy of Ruba'is (No. 56) of Saifuddin Bakharzi of which no other copy is known.¹

(3) A splendid copy of the Haftband of Kashi, notable for its superb calligraphy (No. 114).

¹ I have edited the Ruba'is in Vol. 59 (1905) of the Z.D.M.G., pp. 345—354.

(4) A very old copy of the lyrical poems of Salman Sawah, written 33 years after the poet's death (No. 147).

(5) A unique copy of the Divan of Ruknuddin Sa'in (No. 149).

(6) A very valuable and interesting copy of the Divan of Hafiz, from which the Emperors Humayun and Jahangir took omens, and on which they made notes with their own hands (No. 157).¹

This extremely valuable MS. was presented to the library by Subhanullah Khan of Gorukpur and bears marginal notes in the handwriting of the Emperors Humayun and Jahangir who, after consulting the odes (according to the popular belief of the Mohamedans they reveal the hidden secrets of fate like an oracle) have made notes on the margin which explain, in most cases, the particular reasons for consulting the odes and the results that followed after consulting them. There is an autographic note on a fly-leaf at the end by Sultan Husayan Bayaqla. True, the catalogue is now in the course of publication, but though Lord Curzon in 1903 wrote that "he discussed with the donor the means by which its advantages may be made even more accessible than they now are to the scholar and student" more than five years have rolled away and nothing has yet been done to bring nearer home the valued treasures of the library. The present writer, moreover, apprehends that nothing can be done unless the Government seriously addresses itself to the task of making some satisfactory arrangements for the publication of rare and useful MSS. Nor is this an unreasonable demand for us to make. The British Government has even more Mohamedan subjects than the Sultan of Turkey, and if the French Government, with only Algeria as its possession, can spend money for the publication of Oriental texts and their translation, might we not ask the Government of Bengal to follow the example of France in this direction. Let the Government first satisfy itself about the

¹ Here is a letter of Sir Charles Lyall which cannot be without interest to the reader.

82, Cornwall Gardens, S. W.

22nd November, 1906.

DEAR MAULVI SAHEB,

I was much pleased to get your letter of the 1st instant, though very sorry to hear that you were not well. I also am getting old—in my 62nd year, and shall begin my 63rd in March next.

اودى الشباب حبيدا ذوالاعاجيب اودى وذلك شأؤ غير مطلوب

The MS. of Hafiz which you describe in it must indeed be most interesting, and I congratulate you heartily on acquiring it for your library. I know the custom to which you allude of taking omens from the Divan of Hafiz. I hope you will be so kind as to let me have a copy of the commentary on *ذوالرمة* which you mention, when it is printed at Hyderabad. I daresay the *Kasidah* is the one beginning

ما بال عينك منها الماء ينسكب كأنه من كلى صفرية سرب

I know this poem very well and have copied and translated it; but it is a difficult piece, and I should be very glad to have a good commentary. There is a MS. from India of Dhur-Rummah's Divan in the India Office Library, but the text teems with stupid mistakes. There is another in the British Museum, two at Leiden, and one in Egypt. A good critical edition of the poet is very much wanted. It would be a work of some difficulty, requiring a good knowledge of the old poetry whence Dhur-Rummah drew his models. I am getting on with the *المفضليات* but the work progresses slowly, as I am very busy with other things.

Sincerely yours,

C. J. LYALL.

value and importance of the books I have suggested for publication, by appointing a committee, or otherwise as it thinks fit, and when once assured of their value and importance let the books be printed. A library, such as the Bankipore Library, can only be a useful institution if the public employ it as such. The Patna society is still too intellectually backward to appreciate its value, or to make use of its treasures. But such is not the case with the educated public outside Patna, who can neither afford time nor find opportunity to visit the library. For such persons, both here and in Europe, the publication of useful works in the Bankipore Library would be of incalculable advantage. It would be a solid acquisition to the domain of Oriental learning, which is almost dying out of India. Though India has produced some eminent Arabic scholars, who would have held their own with the choicest products of Al-Azahr, none perhaps would deny the fact that very narrow and circumscribed is the range of studies known to the average student of Oriental languages in India. This is due to two causes: to poverty first, and secondly to scarcity of books. European publications of Oriental texts are too costly to be within the reach of ordinary students, and the result is a very superficial scholarship. If the Government, however, could see its way to establishing a printing press at Bankipore or elsewhere, for the publication of Arabic and Persian books, under the supervision of a competent staff, it would do a lasting service to Oriental learning which the present writer apprehends, will otherwise either completely disappear from India or in course of time be reduced to a mere mockery. Even on political grounds the Government should seriously consider this proposal. So far the Mohamedans, as a body, have kept aloof from politics, and this, the present writer is inclined to believe, is mainly owing to the want of English education among them. Ignorance, prejudice, call it what you will, has hitherto kept the Mohamedans back, as a class, from the study of English, which they, rightly or wrongly, believe to be destructive of their religious beliefs. But, decade by decade, sheer necessity and instincts of self-preservation are opening their eyes to the indispensability of English education, without which they can not hope for any rise or prospect in life. Arabic and Persian learning, however tempting, is steadily declining, inasmuch as it offers no prospect. This, chiefly, because Oriental learning, out here now, is so sadly deficient and so thoroughly imperfect. It neither makes them finished scholars nor useful members of society; nor does it put them in a position to earn their livelihood in any respectable or lucrative walk of life. It merely turns out a band of unreasonable fanatics who rove about the country preaching the worst gospels of fanaticism and intolerance. The result, naturally, is that the so-called Oriental scholars have entirely ceased to command the respect of the educated public. They are discredited and distrusted, and are looked upon as fit only for either teaching in village schools or serving as registrars of births and marriages. The condition of Oriental learning imperatively demands the immediate attention of the Government. It must be made sufficiently scholarly and attractive to draw students to it, and this can only be done by placing it on a wide and broad basis.

Nothing is more desirable than to keep the Orientals as Orientals. Western learning is, indeed, a desideratum, but not at the sacrifice of Eastern culture. The thin veneer of European civilisation can scarcely regenerate the Indians. It will only tend to produce a class of people who are neither one thing nor another, and who will unite in themselves the vices of the two wholly opposed civilisations without the redeeming virtues

of either. Mohamedans should be encouraged in the study of their own language and literature, and that result can only be achieved by making those studies profitable and attractive. Surely it is not an extravagant request to ask the Government to consider the question of establishing a professorship of Arabic and Persian at Bankipur, where the students might receive direction in regard to their studies and learn to carry on Oriental researches upon European principles under the professor's control and supervision. Perhaps it will be urged as an objection to my proposal, that even if the Government were prepared to appoint a professor,—where are the students? But there will be no scarcity of students if Oriental learning receive patronage from the Government.

It is strange, nay, deplorable, that while Indian students are thoroughly conversant with the history of the American War of Independence and the thrilling stories of the French Revolution, they know nothing or next to nothing about their own history and its abiding lessons. Could we not have Bankipur, with its magnificent library, as a centre of Oriental learning, for at least the province of Behar?

VI.

In this short sketch I have given nothing but the merest outline of my father's life. Nor was it possible to do more in the space at my disposal. It would require almost a volume to deal fully and exhaustively with the history of a career which was alike instructive in lessons and fruitful in results. The period covered by the lives of my father and grandfather—almost a century—has been the most significant and the most important in the literary history of the Muslims of India, and the biographer has not merely to recount the events of Khuda Bukhsh's life but to discuss them in their relations to the literary and intellectual activity of his co-religionists; to compare, to contrast and to illustrate the conditions and circumstances as they stood before the Mutiny with the conditions and circumstances as they stand now. A whole generation of Indians has passed away, and with them the old order of things, yielding place to new. It was directly under my grandfather that my father was brought up and trained, and it was under him that he learnt those lessons of self-knowledge, accuracy of mind and habits of strong intellectual exertion which throughout his life stood him in good stead and which made him what he became. Nor did the society of a select and distinguished band of Indians, such as Nawab Syed Feda Hassan Khan,¹ Syed Azmuddin Hassan Khan, C.S.I., Syed Zainuiddin Hassan Khan,² and Moulvi Syed Wahiduddin,³ with whom he had the privilege of free social intercourse, fail to produce great and indeed abiding influence on his habits and character. Evening after evening, after the day's work was done, did my father, still young in years, enjoy the benefit of their society. They were the old class of Indians who, unaffected by the modern spirit of materialism, with its concomitant vices of ambition, jealousy and self-seeking, never acted but in accordance with the dictates of honour and humility, of ardent public spirit and lofty public virtue. Such a conclave of pure and disinterested and virtuous men, who would ornament any society, were the guardians or guides of my father in his early youth.

¹ Afterwards Chief Justice of Nizam's High Court.

² Father of Syed Husain Bilgrami, of India Council.

³ Father of Shamsul Ulama Syed Imdad Imam, of Patna.

Ever since his enrolment at the Patna Bar public life divided his thoughts with literature, and when in later years the world loaded him with its envied prizes, he never ceased to mention that those privileges were the fruit, not of favour or inheritance, but of personal industry and ability.

He stood at the confines of the fast-retreating old world and the incoming new world of ours, and as such his life is of special interest and value. I greatly deplore the loss of the autobiography which he commenced to write shortly before his death. Though only fragmentary—death did not enable him to complete it—it was yet a store of information which the world would not have willingly allowed to perish. I am therefore left to my own recollections of that lost treasure, but I do not propose, at the end of my paper, to draw upon my memory and thereby exhaust the patience, and perhaps the indulgence, of my reader. I reserve my information for a fuller and a more complete life which I hope before long to publish.

I have not discussed his work as Chief Justice of Hyderabad, Deccan, nor have I dealt with him as a poet. Four stout volumes of odes, elegies, and *kasidas* he has left behind him, composed at intervals during the last five years of his life; and these, indeed, lead me to believe that his rank in the profession, his position in public life would not have been ill-exchanged for a place in the world of letters. Situated as he was, the distractions of the profession allowed but little leisure for the peaceful pursuit of pacific culture; but though not voluminous, his writings are enough to ensure for him a niche in the temple of fame.

A powerful mind in ruins is the most heart-breaking thing which it is possible to conceive, and such, indeed, was the case with him during the last two years. These were the years of trouble, of sorrow, even of gloom, due chiefly to his self-imposed poverty. "Failing health, failing eye-sight, the sense of being helpless and useless after an active and "beneficent career; the consciousness of dependence upon others at an "age when the moral disadvantages of poverty are felt even more keenly "than youth feels its material discomforts;—such were the clouds that "darkened the close of a life which had never been without its trials."

When, at last, the end came, he passed from this vale of tears as peacefully as he had lived in it, nobly and gloriously; illustrating the well-worn principle, strong with the strength and immortal with the immortality of truth, that to the just and the God-fearing death inspires neither terror nor the grave the uncertainty that lies beyond it.

One word and I have done. To the long list of distinctions which the late founder of the Oriental Public Library achieved in his illustrious career, there was added, on Monday, the 3rd of August, 1908, the crowning honour, namely, of burial within the library premises. There, amid all the associations which the library enshrines; there, under the shadow of that literary pantheon, in the exalted companionship of the great writers of Islam, he rests at the end of his life's voyage. A more fitting or a more worthy place could not have been selected for him!

نہ دے نامے کو اتنا طول غالب مختصر کہدے
کہ حسرت سنج ہون عرض ستمہائے جدائی کا

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